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MINDS AND MOODS

D^r MORTIMER GRANVILLE

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MINDS AND MOODS.

GOSSIPING PAPERS

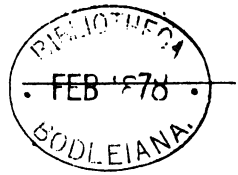
ON

MIND-MANAGEMENT AND MORALS.

BY

J. MORTIMER GRANVILLE, M.D.

ETC. ETC.



HENRY RENSHAW,
356, STRAND, LONDON.
1878.

270. g. 776.

THE READER

WILL please to understand that the following pages have no pretensions to be considered didactic. The articles collected were not written as essays, in any literary or scientific sense. They are simply, as described in the title-page, "Gossiping Papers on Mind-management and Morals." There *are* persons, I believe, who read mercifully, and with a view to pick up suggestions for thought and self-improvement. To such I commend the jottings of comparatively idle hours.

J. MORTIMER GRANVILLE.

November, 1877.

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THOUGHTLAND.

TRAVELLERS tell contradictory stories of this region and their adventures within its confines —the sights they have witnessed, the sounds they have heard, the sensations they have experienced. Some say Thoughtland is a realm of wild extravagances, with wonderful phantasmagoria perpetually flitting before the observer, crowded with objects that conform to no natural law in shape, or size, or function; peopled with beings whose conduct is not controlled by precedent, and who change their identity as easily and instantaneously as the men and women of our own land change their clothes or their principles. They speak of the air ringing with sounds, confused and incomprehensible—now weird with articulate whisperings and mutterings, then vocal with the music of sweet and plaintive song. Others report the country a very prosy place indeed, with nothing but hard and ugly reproductions of the scenes, the subjects and the sensations with which we are all familiar. To a few Thoughtland is elysium; to many it is more terrible than tongue can tell; to most it is a realm of strange conceptions, wonderful and grotesque, meaningless and inexplicable.

The truth is there are two provinces lying in such close proximity that it is difficult to tell where one ends and the other begins. The wanderer in Thought-

land is borne insensibly up some mountain slope, or glides unconsciously down a gentle declivity, and he is in Dreamland. No Boundary Commission has ever succeeded in marking the frontier of these states; and it may be confidently predicted that the partition will never be effected. It is a common error to suppose the line is passed when the brain begins to sleep. Many people dream when they are wide awake; and some, if they think at all, probably do so while they sleep. Thoughtland and Dreamland are, in point of fact, parts of the same expanse; and it is only because each puts on its characteristic features and produces its topical fruits nearer one or the other pole, Reason or Sentiment, that we are able to draw something answering the purpose of a line between them, and, speaking generally, say whether a particular conception comes from the land of Thought or the land of Dreams.

Thoughtland lies nearer the pole of Reason than that of Sentiment, and its climate is proportionally cool. Very far north it is cold and comfortless indeed. Only a small tribe of people, resembling the Esquimaux in being very much wrapped up in their own immediate surroundings—the two sexes scarcely discernible at a distance—contrive to live in this region. Frosty philosophers, with some more stable fluid instead of blood, ever registering an equable temperature a terrible number of degrees below the freezing-point, in their rigid veins; here and there a strong and tough-minded woman who, like Lot's wife, has been turned into a pillar of salt by looking back, and around, in short, everywhere —curiously, superciliously—except within; a dreadfully cramped people of frigid propriety, all over icicles of excellence, with a shiver of compassion for less cold and

inanimate souls, with more heart than, but perhaps not quite so much virtue as, themselves—these are the inhabitants of the northernmost zone of Thoughtland, and even such life as their presence affords is said to cease a good many leagues south of the Pole. Near the other extremity the country is peopled with a race exhibiting widely different qualities. Warm gushing natures, with nothing solid about them—mere creatures of sympathy, ever melting, yearning, glowing, beaming and generously expending themselves upon their fellow-mortals, but in such fashion that the process might be often repeated and nothing either gained or lost; enthusiasts, people of sentiment, of sensibility, emotional beings with pretty winning ways which do no one else good and themselves infinite harm, are denizens of that region of Thoughtland which borders on Dreamland, where the real and the unreal mingle together, and it is hard to discriminate between the true and the false. Midway, with mere fancy as far off on one hand as inflexible fact-mongering stands on the other, is the place of safety for mind, heart, head, temper, and happiness. Approached in its temperate regions, Thoughtland is one of the healthiest and most enjoyable resorts within reach of man; a recruiting-ground open to intellects of all orders and capacities, with suitable entertainment for each. An excursion into the country is always practicable, and may be so economically performed as to lie within reach of the poorest as well as the wealthy. Professional travellers, explorers, who commonly see less of a district than those who are chance visitors, and adventurers, who seldom perceive anything beyond the magnificence of their own achievements, should take care to be well-provided in point of health and vigour of mind and body before they set out, and go

northward or southward only so far as their peculiar temperaments may render safe and desirable. For Thoughtland has sights, sounds, sensations, and persistent constraining and confusing influences of its own which may work wild havoc with weak heads and wanton or inexperienced wills, unable or unaccustomed to hold a team of scared faculties—madly careering over plain and difficulty, among facts and fallacies—sternly in check, guiding them clear of obstacles and pitfalls, with no landmarks but prudence, and that all-controlling instinct of Right which stands higher than prudence, to point the way. "My father—methinks I see my father," says Hamlet. "Where, my lord?" asks his companion. "In my mind's eye, Horatio," replies the prince. The "mind's eye" is the organ of vision in use throughout Thoughtland; and, just as the eye of the body sometimes "sees" objects which have no existence in fact, the eye of the mind not unfrequently conjures up images Thought has had no conscious share in producing; and against the introduction of these into his kingdom he rebels. The practical difficulty is to tell when an object appearing before the mind's eye has been called up by the will—the will that governs the thinking faculty—and when it has, so to say, sprung up unbidden. In this last case it is a Thought-spectre, and stands in precisely the same relation to an object of intelligent thought which unsummoned visions appearing to the bodily eye (what weak-minded folk dread and call ghosts) bear to tangible realities.

There is, moreover, another source of confusion. Thought has a habit of dragging certain organs of the body after him into the realm where his own subject agencies should be paramount. Some people allow Thought to play this prank with them so frequently

that, the moment they begin to think, the bodily action is suited to the mind thought, and without waiting to see whether the will is a consenting party, they fall to picking things to pieces, putting unconsidered trifles into their pockets, and generally performing "indiscretions," which are at first politely called eccentricities—or crimes, according to the rank in life of the offender—and finally make up the tokens of *insanity*. At the outset, these faults are follies, the folly of being carried away by anything—even a seemingly good impulse. The surest and safest axiom of conduct in life is to "give way" to nothing, whether it be a bad habit or an amiable weakness. When Thought begins playing the tyrant outside his own dominions, he not uncommonly succeeds in enslaving the eye or the ear. Then the confusion is intolerably confounded. What a man or woman thinks about appears not merely in the "mind's eye," but seemingly to the very physical organ of sight itself, a visual reality. So it is a "visual" reality, but there the realism ends. If this occurs only once or twice in a lifetime, no great mischief follows, except that the sufferer will probably go to the grave with the conviction that he has witnessed a supernatural apparition, or experienced a spiritual visitation; and the story will be told with creepy earnestness by the fireside until perhaps some other member of the group reproduces the phenomenon, and then the family will add to its property an hereditary and veritable ghost, which for the honour of the house, must be raised at least once in a century—oftener if possible—or the possession will be lost. This is how family ghosts are manufactured. With the aid of a coincidence—and coincidences are very common if people will take the pains to look for them—the effect leaves little to be

added, and needs only the embellishment of that moss with which Time covers up the defects of every thing fashioned, done, or said long ago, and so makes the old good, great, and beautiful. Meanwhile, the mental process by which these thrilling stories are produced is not either very dignified or flattering to folk who do not wish to be taken for crazy while it proceeds.

It is bad enough to have so untrustworthy an organ of sight as the "mind's eye" roaming perpetually with restless, inquisitive gaze over Thoughtland, without finding the eye of the body pressed into the service with the result of bewildering a poor mortal until he knows not whether it were best to believe that what he thinks he sees is really before him, or to hold that it is only the figment of thought. That is the sort of tangle a thought-ridden creature is apt to fall into, and, if he is wise, he will not risk the dilemma by allowing Thought to get the better of him. Thought is king of Thoughtland, but there is no reason why he should be permitted to pillage and terrorise abroad. Some very strong-minded people speak as though Thought could be deposed and made the docile servant of Will. Such valiant thinkers have probably never tried the experiment. This potentate of Thoughtland has a wondrous wily way of his own, and now and then makes an easy prey of his captors, leading them to suppose they are thinking, when all the while busy Thought is scampering away with them to the remotest province of his own kingdom close on the borders of Dreamland. Better than the mock valour of pretending to enslave Thought is the discretion of accepting his hospitality without becoming his dupe. Treated with the respect which is his due, King Thought is an agreeable host, and will do the honours of his state pleasantly; but he dislikes,

and will certainly resent, the slightest familiarity. Rash intruders reap the reward of their folly when, the visit being concluded, they find the way back to Fact-land barred on them and they are unable to return. Such folk are dazed thinkers, the sport of wilful and perhaps wicked, plaguing thoughts ever afterwards.

How does the mind's eye see? What does it see? Is there a real image? These, and a crowd of similar queries, wait to be answered. Until some light is thrown on the points suggested, the subject of mental visions must be veiled in obscurity, and a dense fog will brood over Thoughtland. Some grim philosopher, fresh from the northernmost region, may possibly deny that the mind has an eye, and proceed to contend that, the phrase being simply figurative—nothing more—a coherent argument cannot be raised upon it. Granted there is no ground to suppose the mind has any organ corresponding to a compound lens, or optical apparatus, for receiving and combining the rays of light reflected from objects opposed to it; still it has the power of seeing —and that, in truth, is the one essential faculty with which the consciousness can be credited. The eye, commonly so called, is only an optical instrument through which the organ of special sense receives its impression. It is with the impression we are concerned, and the impression produced on the mind by a vision of Thought is as strong and clear as—only to fancy perhaps a little less luminous than—the image produced by what we call a real object in the world of fact. To come at once to the gist of the matter, it is the image present to the mind that forms the vision; and it makes no sort of difference, for the moment, whether that image has been received through the bodily eye, or is conjured up in some way without the assistance

of the visual organ, and therefore said to be seen "in the mind's eye." Sometimes the object presented to the eye of the body is undefined, a cloak hanging on a peg behind a door, or the approaching figure of a man or woman indistinctly seen in the dim light. Thought is busy with some absent friend, or at the instant starts up the conjecture, "Suppose it should, or could, be that friend?" The ill-defined image appears *as* the object Thought has suggested. This is an instance of ghost-making with real materials, a process similar to that by which the theatrical scene-painter produces the semblance of a waterfall with tinselled paper.

At other times Thought acts more independently, and with a stroke of his sceptre conjures up a counterfeit presentment of some individual to which he, at the same moment, gives a name. When this feat is performed, it is done with exceeding cleverness, for the monarch of mental imagery is an expert colourist, and, with electric speed and photographic fidelity, he takes a cue from the fact that an absent friend may be at sea, and depicts him pale-visaged, dank, and drowning. Thought does this sort of thing so frequently that it would be strange indeed if a coincidence did not sometimes occur to give the accident the appearance of truth. If such a coincidence happened only once in ten thousand instances of this mental exploit, it is possible "apparitions" would be more frequent than they now are. What the mind's eye—or the mind with some power of "seeing"—sees is the vision, the pictured thought presented to the mind; and there is no reason to suppose this is anything more or less than the image consciously present to the central sense of which the brain is the instrument, when any object or thought for the moment engrosses

its attention. In brief, it matters nothing to the mind whether the picture before it is produced by some external objected reflected through the eye of the body, or whether it is called up by the mind itself without any external agency. The reality of the image, or to put the matter more explicitly, whether there is, or is not, an external object corresponding to the image, is a question which the judgment alone can answer; and this is where wanderers in Thoughtland are generally led astray.

The domain of Thought is, or ought to be, a realm in which the elements of our own world of fact have their counterparts in a multitude of pictures capable of being shifted at will, either by the thinkers or by Thought, and therefore susceptible of endless combination like the pieces of coloured glass in a kaleidoscope. All that has been said of vision might be said of hearing, and is equally true of sensations generally. If weak-minded people plunge headlong into this strange region, and give themselves up to Thought, his attendant imps will whirl them up and down the length and breadth of the land with bewildering swiftness; and, if they have not the wit to distinguish between the real and the false, or if they are so often lost in "thought" as to become more familiar with the folk and the fashion of that land than their own, it is scarcely wonderful they become dazed.

Thoughtland is a rare place for losing oneself; and while there the mind becomes, so to say, acclimatised to the wildest of winds and the most variable of temperatures. Those who wander frequently in these regions, not being cogent thinkers, but the creatures of Thought, come to be "blown about by every wind of doctrine," and soon take to thinking and acting

among the dwellers in Factland as though fancies were facts and facts fancies. This is a most disastrous consequence of lounging over the border of a strange and dangerous territory, but, unhappily, it is a common one. Added to which, in Thoughtland it is so easy to gratify every morbid wish or impulse that the most sinister train of imaginings may be indulged—and we know what this means. No one allows Thought to lead him along a particular path—probably the worst in the world for his bodily and mental temperament —without falling under the baneful influences which, like banditti, prowl by the way to capture heedless travellers. King Thought encourages this nefarious brigandage. The ransom is a heavy one. Not a few are ruined in body, mind, and estate, by giving the reins to Thought and letting him and his myrmidons hurry them where they will.

It is well to visit Thoughtland now and again, but the country should always be entered with a set purpose, or with a trusty guide and under the guardianship of an intelligent and strong will. Moreover, the traveller should either go afoot or drive his own sober roadster, Common sense. In short, he should *think*, and never allow himself to be whisked away in a chariot by Thought, he knows not whither, to return he knows not when, and to bring back with him how much or how little of what he calls his wits and his senses not King Thought himself could foretell.

DREAMLAND.

THE way to this strange country is straight through the ivory gate, along the lane with waving white-eared cornfields on either hand, and heaving, hazy scenery about and beyond floating softly in the far horizon to the music of sweet, monotonous sounds, surging now low, now loud, and wafting the slumbering spirit gently away. Some visit Dreamland on their way back to consciousness from the realm of Forgetfulness; others pass through it as they go. Few linger in the region, although the experiences frequently compressed into a dream which occupies only a few moments may seem to fill the space of hours or days.

There are many theories as to the manner in which dreams are produced. With these we have no immediate concern. It is perhaps a fact that the brain only partially sleeps, and waking portions of the mind-organ are busy while the rest repose. The circumstance that certain positions are favourable to dreaming, and—as lying on the back—seem to determine the general character of dreams, lends probability to the conjecture that parts of the brain through which the blood in its vessels courses heavily in obedience to the law of gravity—in a word, the lowermost portions as the sleeper lies—may be either most inactive or the scene of greatest disturbance—it is difficult to determine which.

With these hypotheses we will not confuse our thoughts. There is wide room for speculation and abundant interest in the narrower question, "What are dreams?" without venturing to ask how we dream, what it is we do, see, feel, or think in the visions of the night, when the avenues of the senses are closed upon the outer world and the mind is alone with itself. We need not even stop to speak of those cases in which the senses are not quite dormant, and external sounds, perhaps even moving objects around, influence the sleeper's dreams. What are these dreams, let them be caused or modified as they may?

That the mind is stored with pictures cannot be doubted. We can call up many, if not most, of these *tableaux* at will. Those it is impossible to recall are probably overlaid by others, or perhaps so indistinctly impressed that they have been rubbed out. Total erasure seldom occurs, but occasionally it may. The chambers of the mind are, however, crowded with imagery, and in sleep the faculty of consciousness seems to range through these treasures, viewing them at random, transposing, subdividing, piecing them together, and making the most startling combinations—only that nothing is startling in sleep because judgment is suspended. Often, though by no means always, dreams are compounded of the most recent images which have occupied the mind. The adage that if a person goes to sleep thinking of a subject he will dream of it points to a rule with many exceptions. The Genius of Dreamland has a rough way of diving down to the bottom of the heap and bringing to view long buried pictures of the past, sometimes a scene which has not been revived by memory in its waking moments for years, peopled with old acquaintances almost forgotten.

All this proves—as clearly as purely subjective evidence can prove anything—that dreams are compounded of what is already stored in the mind. There is not a vestige of ground for the belief that the dreamer sees, hears, feels, or experiences anything new. The seeming novelty of visions seen in Dreamland is the novelty of the kaleidoscope, which forms new patterns by the rearrangement, the combination, the multiplication by reflection and the modification by refraction, of the objects accumulated in the receptacle. Indeed the process by which dreams are fashioned is doubtless analogous in principle to that by which the beautiful toy produces those wonderful transmutations of form and colour which at once amuse and instruct. The chambers of imagery are ransacked in sleep; the pictures are turned over at random before the mind, which, by the inner faculties of perception—whereof the eye, the ear, and the other organs of sense are the instruments—becomes impressed with the sensations imagery so disordered is calculated to produce. Suppose a heap of photographs of the scenes which in long years have been presented to the mind spread on the table before one when the mind is so weary or inert that it forbears to think; imagine the pictures clearly defined and the eye roving over them. The conception will be a dream. A portrait will recall the original, the mental picture of a scene will reproduce the circumstances—Thought will do the rest.

What is the moral of this review of the simple facts as they lie within the limits of experience? It is not difficult to perceive at once how the pretence that a man is irresponsible for his dreams must be without foundation. He may not be able to control a particular vision, but the objects stored in his chambers of imagery are, for

the most part, those which he has himself collected. Few finished pictures are put away in the mind, except those upon which that expert artist Thought has been intentionally occupied. The reflections of passing objects in which the mind has no interest are quickly effaced. When, therefore, a person complains of being troubled by wicked dreams, it is not "a device of the Evil One," or a plague for which the subject deserves to be pitied, but an experience of which he ought to feel very much ashamed, and a proof that at some period, let us hope long past and repented, corrupt imaginings or conceptions—which supply the materials of the present imagery—were consciously and willingly entertained. It is desirable to speak plainly on these points, and there is no room to question the fact.

A wise collector takes care to weed his gallery of objectionable or worthless specimens. It would be well if, by any similar process, the mind could be cleared of the miserable lumber which forms the common material of dreams. This is impossible. Something may be done to bury the bad pictures by covering them up with others which are good; but Thought, when, like a demon of mischief, he makes an excursion into Dreamland, will overturn the good and the bad together. It is better to take measures against dreaming when the experience is likely to be undesirable. This may generally be accomplished by going *directly* to sleep, and waking *instantly* when sleep ends. It has been said that Dreamland is commonly visited on the way to or from the land of oblivion; dreaming is, in fact, a sleepy stage of thought. The intending sleeper is either not weary enough or he has not the will to pass immediately to sleep, and while he is loitering on the road he dreams; or, having been asleep, he is in no haste to wake, and

lingers, with the same result, on his way back to consciousness. "Trying" to go to sleep is a mistake. It is not a task to attempt, but a function to perform. Much depends on habit. Those who work hard with their bodies by day and need physical rest at night seldom dream unless the mind is strained or burdened with overmuch excitement, anxiety, or care. The lazy or purposeless, unless they be wholly thoughtless, are generally dreamers.

There are large exceptions to these general remarks, but they relate to unhealthy conditions of the brain. A worried mind will dream when a simply weary mind would sleep. A mind engrossed with some great care, or oppressed with the *ennui* that results from a monotonous life, will dream. It is a bad sign when the troubles of the day extend into the night, and men and women are harassed in sleep with the matters which occupy their waking thoughts. This is a significant token that the brain does not take its natural rest; and, without that relief from the exhausting work of life, mind is likely to succumb. Dreaming habitually of recent subjects is a serious occasion for alarm, and should always be regarded as a warning that the mental part of man is over-taxing his strength. Dreams of the remote past are, on the other hand, generally indications of a state of mind in which thought is not under due discipline. When the faculty is so active at night that it has energy to turn over the lumber in this fashion, it may be reasonably assumed that the intellect is not sufficiently occupied by day. The two states are essentially opposite extremes. In the one, the mind is so busy with the present that it cannot, even when going to sleep, shake off the incubus. In the other, the mind is so little engrossed with the present, and so little

wearied, that, instead of going to sleep, it riots in its own storehouse of mental imagery. The obvious remedy for that condition in which the mind is overburdened with its immediate surroundings is relief, diversion, or perhaps physical treatment for disease. The cure for dreams of the far past is a more active interest in the present. In so far as general principles are capable of being reduced to practice, in particular cases, these may be found useful in the treatment of a morbid tendency to dreaming, if properly applied.

The most pressing and important lesson to learn from the common-sense philosophy of dreams is that the material of which they are composed is always what has been treasured in the mind; hence the obvious precaution of not storing the chamber of mental imagery with mind-pictures which may hereafter come to be sources of annoyance and regret. This is a topic upon which we would appeal earnestly to the young. It is a common notion that no harm can come of "only thinking." In the secrets of their own consciousness young people allow Thought to run away with them in paths they would not acknowledge they had even entered. This is a perilous practice, and the more ruinous because the consequences do not appear until perhaps years afterwards, when it is too late to amend the evil and vain to regret the folly. A pure mind makes a pure and true heart. From the first moment of self-consciousness until the faculties are fully developed and life is far advanced every mind is educating itself, and character is the constitution of the mind. No person can allow the mind to dwell on evil or debasing subjects without being corrupted and and demoralised. The thought-picture is elaborated even against the will, and it is stored in the mind,

where it will assuredly form the material of dreams. Nor is this the worst of the matter. What a man or woman dreams is an indication of the elements which compose the bases of character. This may seem a bold assertion, but it is a simple statement of fact. A mind stored with the trash supplied by low-class literature and immoral plays is not only burdened, but tainted by the impurity it has received. It is not possible to deal with subjects of thought objectively; the experience of contact becomes subjective. The mind is polluted by being made the receptacle for foul thoughts. In the young days, when the receptivity of mind is greatest, it should be jealously protected from evil. Later on in life the peril of seeing, hearing, and reading evil may not be so great, but to the end it is true that "no man can touch pitch without being defiled." Many a prurient taste is disguised from others, sometimes even from self, by the pretext of necessary contact with wrong and wrong-doers, under cover of the plausible but specious figment of a "mission" for their improvement. Rest assured the mind is too delicate an organ to perform rough and dirty work without suffering in the process, often a life-long injury which no subsequent effort of virtue can repair.

There is much to be learned in the study of Dreamland, and those will be happiest who have explored it most gravely. More idle nonsense has been spoken and written about dreams than in connection with most other subjects of controversy. Few perceive the momentous considerations which underlie the experience—as a revelation to self of what lurks within. It is a humiliating disclosure generally that the honest observer makes. Nevertheless he may be congratulated on making it if he has the wisdom to profit by the

discovery. Let each interrogate for himself this oracle of truth, and study closely the picture of self it presents. The self-examination which a man undertakes when he is awake is prejudiced by the favour with which the mind looks on its own faults. In sleep we sometimes see ourselves as we are. With the knowledge of his inner life that an honest and true man may derive from the study of his dreams, he can set a watch on himself, and he should spare no pains to crowd down the evil by heaping it over with good. It is, however, first necessary to see clearly that all dreams are *internal*. We are not speaking of "miracles." The view we are taking of the subject before us is an every-day, common-sense, and practical view. "Supernatural" dreams are either coincidences, the fruition of some latent thought that startled the dreamer when it happened to be defined in sleep, or the result of a process which physiologists call "unconscious cerebration"—that is, the continuance of some process of thinking which goes on in the mind after the individual has forgotten that he set it in motion and supplied the impulse by his will. Most of the marvellous dreams which form the slender prop of decorated stories are of this nature. A suspicion, a fleeting thought passes through the mind that a calamity is about to happen. It is forgotten. The mind unconsciously works out the idea, and some stray impression, a momentary glance at some object, or the mere caprice of Thought, brings it to the surface in a dream. The first idea, long past, was a shrewd conjecture—it is commonly among shrewd people that these dreams occur—the chapter of accidents—which is in truth a very methodical system of probabilities—explains the rest. It is much to be regretted that so many worthy, and otherwise strong-minded people "believe

in dreams," without troubling themselves to discover what these familiar but mysterious phenomena really are. Anything that gives men and women a plausible excuse for shaking off the obligations of personal responsibility is bad, and therefore injurious. Not even in sleep is the mind reduced to the position of subserviency. From first to last, waking and sleeping, our lives and experiences are what we make them. Once get this thoroughly admitted by Conscience, and take that faithful monitor as a guide through the world, guarding jealously its sensitive instinct for right, and life will be happy, honest, and free. Those are slaves who serve an ideal power of Evil, stricken with morbid fear, palsied with perpetual dread. Man makes a charnel-house of his inner consciousness, and, groaning under the body of sin and death, crawls to the grave. Forsooth, he craves pity. In truth he is the victim of a crime, the greatest wrong a sane creature can commit, the wilful effacing of God's image, and the substitution of a miserable and counterfeit presentment of self-loving, self-satisfying, and self-scaring humanity—as we find it unmasked in dreams.

CLOUDLAND.

THE land of clouds is common property, with the considerable advantage over this nether sphere that, while every one may build and enclose to his heart's content, no one else is thereby inconvenienced. To live in the clouds is folly bordering on madness; but moderate indulgence in the faculty of mental transport to a region far above the trouble and turmoil of the world affords not only relief, but a certain expansion which, within the limits fixed by self-control, restores the buoyancy of a mind crushed and borne down to earth by matter-of-fact exigencies and material burdens. Dreams by night, and excursions to Cloudland by day, are Nature's reliefs and diversions, without which many a weary existence could scarcely be endured. When the harassed and despondent soul wings its way up to Cloudland, it is wafted out of the atmosphere of disappointment; it inspires new breath for a moment, and the fainting spirit revives with hope rekindled. Building castles in the air, fighting imaginary battles with misfortune and achieving fancied successes, anticipating the rewards of unrequited toil, triumphing over difficulties transferred to the realm of thought, are exploits by no means devoid of interest and value, if only they be wisely and intelligently performed. The prospect from Mount Pisgah may cheer forward to

conquest, as well as console for disappointment and defeat.

Clouds are formed by vapours; and it is of such vapours as rise from the mind that Cloudland is composed. Nevertheless it is well these exhalations of moodiness should be thrown off; and they serve a useful purpose when evolved. The wisdom of the wise lies in the recognition of their real nature. When the clouds brood heavily over Thoughtland, thick mists have gathered in the mind. As soon as it is perceived that these vapours rise, the air begins to be less oppressive below. A great point is gained when darkness is understood to be due to the gathering of clouds; the knowledge begets confidence that when these are blown away, the scene will once more be bright with sunlight. The mind which is not certain whether it is in Cloudland, or on solid earth, when oppressed with gloom, is in a sorry plight, and should grope outside its own consciousness for escape. There are bright clouds and dark; gloriously coloured billows rolling away and leaving the serene blue expanse clear to view; tranquil, happy sunsets with golden and richly hued streaks of hope scattered by the Orb of Light beyond; fleeting clouds with light shadows that chequer the landscape, and heighten its beauty; clouds that portend the rising storm, or betoken the replenishing shower; clouds that depress, and clouds that tone down the fierce light and bend its rays to rainbows of promise. The Cloudland of thought is as diversified as the strata of material clouds that float in the atmosphere, and play an important part in the light, heat, and fertility of the physical world.

Having once mastered the all-important fact that Cloudland is, in truth, the reflex and counterpart, of

the mind itself, so that the gazer sees *a mirage* pictured by his own half-unconscious imaginings, it becomes a useful exercise to scrutinise this objective view of the mental character. In Cloudland the thoughtful observer sees his own bias and tendency as in a glass. What description of incident and adventure does Cloudland, thus interrogated, present to each of us? Is the picture inspiriting? If the cloud-vision be traced in sharp outline and highly coloured, the temperament is sanguine, probably romantic, though now and again despair paints a gay scene in mockery of its own forebodings; but in that case the setting is sombre, and the contrasts and dark shadowings are strongly marked. Is the scene changeful—so is the mood. Is it obscure or ill-defined—thought is weak, perhaps enfeebled by worry and work. Wondrously useful lessons are traced in the clouds of this strange province, self-revealing truths are written in characters which he who runs may read. As the clouds shape themselves, so the thoughts, feelings, and passions are disposed. In the sphere of facts, the will restrains even the fancy of a robust and healthy nature, but when the mind turns towards Cloudland the control of this monitor is not felt, at least not so forcibly as to coerce thought; so the castle-building and scene-making proceed half unconsciously, and the form conception takes more closely accords with the wish than with the will. If at the moment of awakening from one of these day-dreams the mind has presence and power to scan the picture before it vanishes from memory, it will obtain a striking and salutary mirror-view of its inner self.

There is this great difference between Thoughtland and Cloudland—while the former is reached by way of reverie or the visitant is carried away by Thought, the

latter lies so close upon the sphere of reality, that no conscious change of standpoint is necessary. It not uncommonly happens that the sober, matter-of-fact thinker unexpectedly finds himself, or is discovered by those around him to be, "in the clouds." Sometimes a prospect he has marked out for himself in all earnestness is discovered passing over the horizon of reason and stretching to the clouds. Failure to perceive where the solid ground ends and the unsubstantial base begins—has been the cause of many a severe disappointment. The far distance was essential to the picture—that alone made it worth while to push forward—upon it the fabric of success and reward rested; but the remote perspective, that range of solid mountains, that streak of water, that belt of trees, were "in the clouds." Precisely as the eye of sense is sometimes cheated in an extensive view of real scenery, the mind's eye may be betrayed into the error of mistaking fancy for fact, and taking for far-off land what is in truth a bank of clouds; on this delusive prospect hope builds in vain. It needs a strong and clear intelligence to avoid being, at least occasionally, deceived. What the *mirage* is to the traveller crossing the desert, the pictures of mental Cloudland are to the emotional and inexperienced in mind.

Now and again we meet a man more than commonly visionary, who perpetually carries his head in the clouds. His whole tenor of thought and feeling is above the level of ordinary minds, and his life and conduct are shaped in the clouds. He may be excellent in purpose and inspired by the best and noblest aspirations, but he is morbid. He walks in a vain show, surrounded by distorted images, the reflexes of real life, refracted, exaggerated, and untrue to nature and fact. His fellow men and women seem larger or smaller than they really

are, because seen through a haze. The remote appears near, that which is close at hand far away, the little great, the giant a dwarf, the mannikin a Hercules. There are many who labour under these disadvantages —religionists, philosophers, scientists, politicians, social reformers—who live and act in the clouds. In the higher walks of intellect, on the tops of high mountains, individuals so affected and stirred by false notions and influences are frequently found. Their companionship is irksome and bewildering to the less sublime; the demands they are apt to make on the credulity and self-abnegation of those with whom they come into contact are hard to satisfy. It must not be forgotten that such dwellers in Cloudland are rather to be compassionated than blamed. It requires an acute perceptive faculty to discern the boundary-line when the horizon of vision is obscured. When clouds gather thickly, the whole scene is overlaid and objects and outlines are confused.

In sober truth, no little judgment is necessary to insure immunity from mistake in the discrimination of fact and cloud, the one is so frequently overshadowed by the other, and the two so often seem to blend. It is hard to tell the difference when both are on the same plane; the difficulty is increased tenfold when the eye of thought is directed to an object of interest in the distance beyond. We have said that no harm is likely to result from a little wandering in Cloudland; but the condition of safety is that its real nature should be perceived. Nothing but mischief can be expected from mistake on this point. The experience of error makes wise men suspicious. This is why the prudent are apt to be sceptical, and ability to steer a safe course through life commonly takes the form of perpetual watchfulness

against the unseen currents that set in a wrong direction, and the signs and tokens that deceive. The young are especially prone to be misled. Their buoyant spirits and bounding speed bear them straight to Cloudland; and it is not until warned and tutored by many a disappointment that they begin to recognise the need of experience and the danger of mistake. Later on in life the worldling grows watchful, and moves forward with his keenest faculties on the alert. In riper years the power of perception is less keen, and the jaded spirit finds respite and solace "in the clouds." When old age creeps on, the soul either grovels or soars as the tendency of moral and intellectual habit has been downward or upward. Throughout the space of existence the clouds hover close, passing and repassing above and around—happy they who are not distracted by their ceaseless movement across the narrow and tortuous footway, and who, when the crest of the hill is reached, find the outlook unclouded by regret and fear.

When thought itself becomes cloudy, there is ground for apprehension that the mind is obscure. We have seen how visions, scenes pictured, imagery called up, in the clouds, are reflections of the character, and should be so regarded. When clouds gather *in* the mind, they no longer merely reflect, but fog the brain and darken consciousness. This condition may be, and probably is, too often brought about by the practice of confounding, or rather making no effort to discriminate between, cloud and fact. The judgment cannot be neglected with impunity. It is the guardian and director of the will. If judgment ceases to exercise control, the will can scarcely be expected to hold the passions in restraint; and clouds gather in on the mind, because darkness is always the complement of disorder,

whether in deed or thought. There is no more debasing exercise than to revel in depraved thoughts. Cloudland is too often the scene of a mental and moral debauch from which the light of truth and purity is intentionally shut out. These "dark *séances*" cannot be indulged in without injury. The clouds collected to cover the wanton play of a sensual mind, to minister to its corrupt fancy, are not easily dispelled. Many a ruined intellect lies darkened and blighted for ever under the mist of fancy whereby morbid passions held unholy orgie in chambers of imagery crowded with shameless and hideous thoughts. The part this despicable abuse of cloud and Cloudland plays in peopling the madhouses and making the evening of life chill and comfortless cannot be too plainly pointed out. Like every other province of thought, Cloudland has its attractions and uses, but it is peculiarly exposed to be resorted to for bad purposes, and needs to be jealously guarded and hedged about with honour and care.

There is no more delicate organism than the mind, and none with which men and women, of all ages, play such wild pranks, albeit professing wondrous surprise if anything goes wrong. In the early days of self-consciousness training is neglected. When the business of life presses, work, strain, and worry are recklessly imposed, and, if at any stage strength gives way or the machinery of thought is thrown into disorder, the occurrence is looked upon as very astonishing, something to be concealed and ashamed of. The shame really lies in the neglect or abuse which has produced disastrous consequences, not in the mere outcome of mismanagement. As a matter of simple fact, however, there can be no more mischievous impression than that

what is called "mental derangement," pure and simple, may not be readily prevented and cannot be *easily and safely cured.* In six cases out of ten insanity might be prevented at the outset if only there were a little more intelligence exhibited by those who are beginning to feel the tokens of a weakening power of self-control, which generally takes its rise in some moral delinquency unacknowledged, perhaps unperceived. Eight out of every ten cases of actual insanity may be cured if taken at the very first outbreak of the malady. It is worth while to point out these facts, abundantly attested by experience, because sojourners in Cloudland should be well informed as to the probabilities of a fate that may at any time befall them. Mind-management is one of the most important departments of personal hygiene, and there is no other in which results equally good and pleasurable are to be obtained by an effort so small. Moreover, there is this advantage with regard to mental discipline—while too great attention to most organs will bring about a morbid state of feeling that may itself engender disorder or even disease, no mischief can ensue from reasonable attention to modes and processes of thought. Drifting is perilous, and sailing with the wind in Cloudland is like travelling through the air in a balloon without steering apparatus, ballast, or grappling tackle. A good aëronaut may enjoy the excursion, but, if "weakness" comes over the unskilled adventurer when thus disporting himself, and he so far mistakes the situation as to step out of his car on to the summit of some cloud as upon solid ground, he will infallibly be lost. This is what those who take long and frequent flights are apt to do. Mistaking clouds lying on the horizon of natural vision for solid objects is disappointing and may bring distress, but the error of supposing

that the clouds floating around and beneath are real, and acting upon this false notion, is incomparably more disastrous. The way to avoid these and manifold mind-troubles is to cultivate that healthful common-sense instinct which keeps wandering intellects sound, and will, if it can only be developed, make weak minds strong.

THE LAND OF FORGETFULNESS.

IT would be difficult to lay down the boundaries of this provokingly interesting country on a map. Scraps of it seem to be cropping up everywhere, insinuating themselves between the best-cultivated provinces of the working world, and encroaching on the most populous districts. Some portion of the place is pleasant enough, but the bulk of it is waste land—useless, and affording a shelter for wolves, which make frequent incursions upon the neighbouring countries, and carry off not only children and other precious belongings, but grown-up and, sometimes, wondrously wise people, much to their own discomfiture and the sorrow of folk not at the moment desirous of visiting the Land of Forgetfulness, or anxious that those with whom they are associated should he borne away to a region where everybody and everything seems imbued with the faculty of becoming somebody or something else, or passing out of consciousness and leaving a blank behind. Perhaps one of the most embarrassing circumstances about this region is the humiliating and altogether inconvenient conditions upon which the frontier is crossed. The unwary traveller is wafted over the border unexpectedly, without his consent; but, when he would perhaps give worlds to wander thitherward for his own delectation, the way is barred

by an invincible guard of merciless Remembrancers. No doubt much may be done to break down the stern front opposed to voluntary attempts to cross the boundary-line; and there are easy-going people who would appear to have possessed themselves of some pass-word or countersign, so readily are they admitted to this strange land. With the great mass of mankind however the obstacle to voluntary excursions is insurmountable, while the difficulty of avoiding visits at inopportune moments is scarcely less formidable.

An oft-trodden path at length becomes so easy to find that it may be tracked unconsciously. In this way wilfully indifferent or careless people are prone to stray into the Land of Forgetfulness. It is not commonly the fate of these saunterers to derive great gratification from their wanderings. They rarely succeed in forgetting themselves in the pleasant fashion from which some persons affect to derive much relief and happiness. It is not their own self-consciousness that they lose, but the recollection of matters at first deemed too troublesome to remember, and afterwards causing much vexation by being forgotten. There may be pleasant paths in the country, but such folk fail to discover them. Sorrows, grievances, injuries, are not shaken off—these stick to them. It is only the memory of facts and obligations which a well-ordered mind is ever anxious to retain those who habitually stray over the border-line cast away, and after the wandering is over the burden has to be resumed, the task of taking it up again complicating the difficulty.

The Land of Forgetfulness is not a habitable country, and those who seek shelter in its seductions have little cause to praise its hospitality. No greater mistake is

made by the harassed and weary dwellers in Factland than that of regarding this region as a refuge from the burden of life and the worry of the world. The place has no diversions to offer and can afford no lasting relief. It is a peculiarity of its configuration and properties that every load the traveller throws from him on entering must be resumed on leaving, and the cold clay of the soil adheres to the object and increases its weight. Those who are not aware of this circumstance resort to many expedients in the hope of crossing the boundary. They place themselves under influences of the most sinister and injurious character; and when, by such artifices, they have secured the respite they seek, return to the realm of reality only heightens their suffering, and makes the trouble avoided, for an instant, more terribly oppressive than a greater burden bravely borne.

No one can stay long in the land unless he is the victim of a morbid state, in which case he is like a man wandering among the tombs of forgotten thoughts that are so far lost to memory that they cannot be intentionally recalled, but present themselves at every turn—thorns in the flesh, cutting the soul like knives. Inability to remember and relate the experiences of this Land of Forgetfulness must not be supposed to imply that no suffering is endured within its confines. Those who come back to consciousness cannot divulge the secrets of their prison-house, but their wan looks and exhausted brains too plainly dispel the thought of immunity. Forgetfulness changes nothing, assuages no sorrow, lightens no weight of grief or remorse; it only grants a momentary respite, and the awakening intensifies the sense of misery from which the sufferer seeks to escape. It would be well if this were more generally understood.

The notion that in the Land of Forgetfulness there is a refuge from the accusing conscience is an error it would be desirable to correct. Many have counted on this way of escape and been entrapped. The place has horrors of its own, and it makes the haunting self-consciousness of those who find shelter for a while in its recesses more terrible in the end.

There are distinct regions of Forgetfulness with divers characteristics. The province close at hand, into which everybody is occasionally betrayed, presents no striking feature of difference to mark it off from the rest of the world. The line is not sharply defined, and the first intimation of his having strayed over the boundary which a man receives is apt to be the inability to recollect some well-known fact or circumstance. If the experience is repeated, he should be warned. Loss of memory is a token of weakness which ought not to pass unheeded. The individual may be safe, or he may be treading a path that lies hard on the line separating health from disease. The properties of this weird province are strangely diversified, growing more stupefying as the victim penetrates into the country and falls more completely under its influences. At the boundary-line memory fails him for most purposes, the smaller objects being forgotten before the great. A step farther and he is perplexed by the vagaries of an influence which renders him oblivious of special subjects of thought; for example, particular numbers, letters, or words are forgotten. Sometimes memory is distorted, and objects are miscalled, names misapplied, sentences transposed, and words wrongly spelt. This is the threshold of the path stretching away to the most deadly district of Forgetfulness. Better stray far inland on any other track than the devious way lying through

the region wherein thoughts grow entangled, the connecting links of reason are broken, and facts thrown broadcast over the surface. Beyond this treacherous zone lies the denser and more stifling atmosphere of Fatuity—in the centre is that dark realm itself. Those who are carried up into the heart of the country never return; but many make long and deep incursions, yet finally escape.

Only those who are ignorant of the real nature of the land can regard it as a place into which men and women may, if they please, penetrate with impunity. It is a region of perils and bad influences, of which the wise will beware. It has been admitted that there are a few pleasant paths of forgetfulness; it would be strange if there were not. They lie near the border-line, and afford shelter from the heat of the strife and turmoil of life; but only those are safe which bring the wanderer back to the place from which he started. They are, in fact, shady by-ways of the round-lying region, rather than parts of the land itself, and it is neither prudent nor, to the strong, possible to pass more than a brief period in the repose they supply. Such refreshment as the retreat affords is quickly exhausted, and by trying to obtain a larger share of the benefit than is available, some injudicious persons sacrifice the whole. A few hours' sojourn in Forgetfulness, approached by way of sleep, will enable the vigorous worker with hand or brain to recover strength for the struggle and business of life; but the endeavour to linger, if not futile, as is commonly the case, ends in enfeeblement, and, in the long run, the indolent or craven consciousness finds itself borne inward towards the depths of imbecility and mental death.

It is important that the nature and properties of this

mysterious region should be thoroughly understood. Forgetfulness does not, as we have said, imply extinction of the fact forgotten. On the contrary, the burden laid down acquires additional weight, and presses more heavily on the shoulders afterwards, unless the bearer takes his repose in the province approached by natural sleep. It is to be feared that the thoughtless or wilful sometimes comfort themselves, and strive to quiet conscience, with the hope that Forgetfulness is a place of happiness open to the self-distressed. Apart from the circumstance that the frontier cannot be crossed at will except by sleep, and that way only leads to a path ending where it began, and in which the wayfarer may not linger more than a few hours at most, there is the stern fact that Forgetfulness affords no relief more complete than the non-remembrance, without the suspension, of suffering, and in proportion as it doles out this pitiful palliative it destroys the mind to which it ministers. Sin is a Nemesis from which escape is impracticable. The wrong-doer may spend his life in striving to shake off the memory of his offence, but he seeks relief and rest in vain.

Forgetfulness has no succour for the self-distressed. It is a land of darkness and deceit; and in the centre there is a slough of death. The condition of its scant succour to minds haunted by regret is the extinction of the capacity for happiness side by side with the momentary relief from remorse. With such cold comfort are those welcomed who hie hither for refuge from the pursuer—*self*. To seek escape from bearable sorrow in this region is the very profligacy of folly. It is an act of foolishness too often committed. Men and women reel over the border-line intoxicated, as an expedient of relief. This is a sorry device, as those who practise it

extensively will too certainly prove. The stupefying influence of drugs will sometimes qualify the distressed for admission to such bliss as Forgetfulness can afford; but the price of immunity from consciousness so purchased is ruinous. Poisoned sleep gives scant repose, and with the awakening comes increased suffering.

This is a sorry story to tell of a land so many long to enter, and upon the borders of which all of us find occasional repose. Many go on year after year deceived. The body slumbers while the brain remains awake and wears itself in dreams. People wonder why they rise worn and spiritless from what seems to have been a dreamless sleep. The experience has been wiped out of memory, but its physical and mental effects remain. There is only one remedy for this state of matters, and it is not easily—it can never be directly—applied. The only way to avoid the need of a recourse to forgetfulness is to avoid what will require to be forgotten before peace can be enjoyed. Care must be unseated from the saddle. This is a vain prescription to most. The penitent cannot obliterate the memory of repented follies and mistakes. The young and pure alone can so order their lives that it may be pleasant to look back. If they only knew how directly the happiness of mature age depends on the store of recollections accumulated in youth, they would be warned; but the warm blood of life glowing in young veins gives a vigour fatal to moralising and even such thought for the future as prudence would enjoin. The utmost the adult consciousness can do to spare itself the pain of a recourse to forgetfulness for relief is to look the sorrows and worries of life steadfastly in the face. Boldly confronted, the foes of peace are not half so terrible as the scared mind

makes them. Better deal honestly with the haunted and stricken spirit than bid it hie to the Land of Forgetfulness for relief. The respite this domain can afford is at the best a mere oblivion of sorrow and regret, and the price exacted is greater than it is prudent to barter for so small a gain.

The sum of the whole matter is briefly this. Forgetting is not a voluntary act; and, when the worried wish to forget, they in fact long to get quit of themselves, to lay aside the sceptre and resign the control of their own consciousness. The moment this is accomplished they become the slaves of a power which is not wont to deal mercifully with those who intentionally seek its aid. It is a blunder to suppose relief can be obtained by an artifice of this nature. While the mind thinks it has been enjoying repose, it is suffering the injurious effects of turmoil of which the recollection only is effaced. We all remember the old-fashioned stories of witchcraft in which the victim of a sinister influence was said to be hurried over hill and plain, through stream and thicket, by night, and returned bruised and exhausted to his bed in the morning. Something like this happens to the mind when mere forgetfulness is sought as a refuge from care. All the royal roads to happiness lead the traveller astray. The most clever expedients to drown sorrow fail, and disappointment is not the less severe because it is not immediately realised. It is better to go right down to the bottom of things and seek the efficient cause of distress. Can this be removed? If it be possible, at all costs let that be accomplished. If the source of care and anxiety is incapable of cure, then it is better to grapple with the disturber at close quarters. It is useless to run away from the enemy, to strive to banish the consciousness

of his presence. He will do just as much harm when he is forgotten. The foe must be met in single combat sooner or later, and it is wiser to encounter the enemy while strength and wit are left to oppose him, than to postpone the struggle until energy, hope, and consciousness are lost.

SPIRITLAND.

A FIRM belief in spirits is essential to a comfortable idea of Christmas, albeit the untoward derangement of the seasons which has occurred within the last twenty years has done much to destroy the illusion of ghosts at Yule-tide. The jovial old days when all without was snow and all within was snug, when cheerful evenings passed by the fireside, with crackling logs, merry sparks flying up the chimney, dancing shadows on the wall, scorched cheeks and frozen ears, were enlivened by stories of stalking ghosts—these were thriving times for Spiritland. The country was overrun with excursionists, and the clever people who furnished wayside hostelries, gloomy mansions deep in the shade of melancholy elms, here and there an ivy-covered castle partly in ruins, or a mysterious tenement embowered in some more mysterious glen, with weird legends and traditional ghosts, not only entertained a multitude of ravenous visitors, but contrived to make the season pass wondrous pleasantly and deserved high thanks. The modern mode of retailing spirits at *séances*—got up for the delectation of middle-aged persons of weak mind and prurient tastes—is not in any sense an improvement. Spirits out of Spiritland are like fish out of water, at the best panting and feeble spectres, with no thought or faculty above the thumping

of table-legs and banging of tambourines, with perhaps a little slate-writing. The grand old ghost of half a century ago would have scorned such trivialities. He stalked in armour, clanging a chain, or glided noiselessly in a sheet, with a halo of pale funereal light and an odour of the grave ; sometimes a plaintive wail was heard, or a moan; here and there the banshee raised a warning cry. All this added to the effect, and, in comparison, the performances of the clumsy conjurers called spiritualists are miserable travesties of the mythical drama they essayed to supersede, but cannot even approach. To encounter real spirits, it is necessary to visit Spiritland. Their acquaintance should be made at home ; they must be observed and interrogated amid their own natural surroundings, or they cannot be understood.

Leonardo da Vinci, the great artist, wrote a celebrated treatise on painting, much as Monsieur le Chef might make up a cookery book. One of his recipes was " to compose a battle-piece." Substantially the directions were to stare at a smoky or daubed wall until thought shaped the vision into a scene of headlong confusion, out of which grew the battle-piece. This is one way of passing into a condition in which fancy conjures up imagery, which some people mistake for ghosts. In the famous treatise on *Demonology and Witchcraft* spectral illusions were, for the most part, thus explained as mere visual-spectres. There is something more in Spiritualism than this implies, though not precisely what the devotees of the system—for the most part scared and credulous people, with unhealthy brains, verging on insanity—claim for it. There can be no reasonable doubt that phantoms of some description exist; or, to speak more accurately, may be pro-

duced independently of, and even against, the will. Nor are they of the day-dreamy nature to be called into existence by staring at smoky or bedaubed walls, tapestry swayed by the wind, clothes and drapery dangling from pegs in dark corners or cupboards, and the multitude of objects, still and moving, out of which a disordered faculty of vision or a disturbed digestive system may compose an apparition. Spirits possessed of an existence, endowed with a character capable of exerting influences, and of pursuing a course of action independent of the will or wish of the beings they haunt, undoubtedly sometimes appear to men and women, embittering their lives, inciting or compelling them to evil—occasionally, it may be, though very rarely, to good—deeds, and playing a veritable, though generally unrecognised part in the economy of man's mental and moral nature. It is about these spirits, the people of Spiritland, there is something to lay before the reader. The subject is partly grave and partly gay.

Spiritland lies outside, yet within the world of stern realities. Its people mingle with the men and women around us, and exercise a potent and ceaseless influence on their lives. They are our constant companions, they share our thoughts, sometimes exercising greater control over the wild doings of fancy than we can command. They people the solitude, steal into our chambers, arrange the imagery of dreams, comfort or distress, console or worry us. They are with us, watching as guardian angels, or misleading and tormenting as following fiends. Never leaving, is it wonderful that they now and then "appear" to us? Each man and woman has an attendant train, or besetting crowd, of these creatures, ethereal beings, yet shaped and habited in manner befitting their nature

and business — powerful, intelligent ghosts, ever present, though happily but seldom seen. The story of Spiritland would be the history of this world in its personal and pressing aspects. The character of its people is one of thrilling interest, more closely concerning the life and happiness of every one of us than it is easy to make plain. Unlike the people of this world, those of the Spirit-world are born or created of all periods of development, seemingly young or old; but after they come into existence they grow and gain intelligence, until their wit exceeds that of their progenitors. They are the creatures of man. Men and women make them, and they haunt the men and women by whom they have been made. If they are evil at birth, they wax more evil as the years roll on.

Spiritland is peopled with the phantom-shades of the good and evil thoughts, desires, and deeds of mankind. The ancient Saxons believed that the thoughts of men were shaped of the clouds. The converse is true—the clouds that hang over and shadow the lives of men are fashioned by their thoughts. No idea is evanescent. It flies through the mind, but it settles on the land beyond with an independent existence. It may be crippled at birth, but it is invulnerable afterwards. The swift thoughts, momentary desires and emotions, transitory passions, impulsive deeds, give birth to little spirits which may hereafter develop to the stature of mature conceptions. The thoughts upon which the mind dwells, desires cherished, deeds designedly accomplished, people the land of phantoms with huge and powerful spectres that may trouble a life-time and make a death-bed horrible. From the cradle to the grave men and women are making ghosts, the personified spirits of what they think, long for, and do in

the world, a host of undying shades which, though shut out of sight and perhaps forgotten for years, will assuredly come back to hover around and torment them. This is no mere figure of speech. The ghosts so made have a veritable existence. A desire cherished in youth may haunt old age; it does not remain stationary, but grows and develops. The thought is oppressive, but it is a real and earnest one. The passions of youth are not indulged without a ghostly penalty—its base pleasures are not participated with impunity. When Faust longed for youth, Mephistopheles appeared. When a young man or young woman throws the reins on the neck of desire, a spectre of passion is called into existence which no power can destroy. It may be dismissed, but it will return, and when it does so the creature will have attained larger proportions and new strength. It is not a mere mental picture which is formed, but a living fiend, a being with which the mind, the reason, the judgment, will have to measure strength in solitude.

A man's bitterest enemies are those of his own household, the familiar spirits of his personal nature, his bosom companions, the welcome or dreaded intruders on his solitude, the intimates of his inner life. Happily these creatures of the mind are not all black as night. The good thoughts, the reverent and pure desires, the noble and worthy deeds, are ghost-makers too. And these good spirits make war on the bad. Around every man not wholly abandoned to evil there is waged a ceaseless contest. The combatants ranged on either side are creatures of his own conception. The one army is stronger or weaker as he is good or bad. *It is in his power to strengthen at will the forces arrayed for good or evil.* If he adds to the number of the good spirits,

their supremacy will be the more easily asserted, and the triumph of virtue over vice in his little world may prove easy, and peace reign within. If he multiplies the bad, he may seem to gain peace in that way, but it is the stillness of moral death. The good is overpowered, the evil dominates. By-and-by the spectral forces will parade at his bedside. Which then will bear the palm of victory?

Spiritland is a mysterious realm, and the spirits are a strange people. They never die during the lifetime of the being who creates them. It is not quite certain they will expire when he dies. After marshalling round the pillow of one dead man, they may go away to plague or comfort his children—to act as guardian angels or tempting demons in some other sphere. In this way the sins of the father are visited on the children to the third and fourth generation. It is difficult to sketch the Spirit-world without seeming to paint from fancy instead of from life. It would seem that a picture such as that we are trying to place before the reader must needs be metaphorical, and simply a roundabout way of seeking to inculcate some moral truth. This is not so; we are simply stating facts. There is the clearest scientific reason to believe that each thought, desire, or deed creates in what, for want of a better term, we call the mind, a living force, a something which may be reproduced to the consciousness at any future period, and when it reappears will be found not exactly as it was first fashioned and forgotten, but more developed and defined, modified by other influences, and endowed with new powers. This something, creature as it is, has the faculty of presenting itself to the eye of the mind with all the definiteness of a personality. It may take a form and call up

an image as real to the perception as though produced on the retina of the eye by rays of light reflected from an external object that may be touched and handled. The mental reality is the same in both cases; for what the mind sees is never the image on the retina, but always the mental picture produced in thought—the thought being, in the case of an external object, awakened by the reflection on the bodily eye; when there is no external object, the thought-picture is called up from within. The conscience-spectre may become a mind-spectre, and in that way constitute an apparition. This happens in states of intense feeling and some forms of insanity. Man is "fearfully and wonderfully made." The mystery of existence cannot be penetrated, but it is worth while to know something of the circle lying close round the heart, on which the light of self-consciousness may at any moment fall, revealing wonders not even suspected, much less comprehended, in the philosophy of a busy prosaic life.

It is of thoughts, wishes, acts and conduct the ghosts that haunt mankind are made. They are real, and too often appalling. The man or woman who has committed a serious crime is pursued by the spectre of that misdeed. When alone, it is ever present, in all the terrible reality of fact. It is personified. The form taken may be that of the victim. It is *not* the victim, but the deed clothed in the shape of humanity. Some one may ask, how, then, does it happen that strange instances are recorded, apparently on good authority, in which a foul deed perpetrated by one person has been made known to some other by what is termed an apparition? That is a profound mystery, we will not say inscrutable, because it may perchance yet be discovered. We may, however, take one step safely in conjecture. Sometimes

a sudden suspicion, as it were a gleam of light, darts in on the mind, and the veil seems to drop from the life or character of an intimate friend or associate. He or she stands exposed in a new light. What happens not unfrequently at the magic blow of a suggestive word, or with no apparent cause, may occur with such vivid force that the suspicion shall take shape and become a spectre. In that case the vision is a ghost of the mind that sees it, but it may be called up at the bidding of a glance, a half-uttered sigh, a suppressed groan, a strangely intoned word, of the person by whom the crime has been committed. No man or woman who has a secret is safe—a ghost of his or her making may in this way communicate the truth to some one else. These are not pleasing reflections, but they are profitable. By perceiving the perils that beset the wrong-doer, some may be induced to cease from doing evil.

Let us gaze out of the shadow of evil for a moment before we leave Spiritland. There are glad visions here as elsewhere. If sin is always sorrowful in its nature and consequences, goodness sooner or later gives birth to joy. Happy is the child whose young life is watched over by the guardian angels of a parent's thought and hope and care. No better or brighter birthright can finite love and fondness give or gain. When pure and good thoughts, flitting through the mind of a child at its mother's knee, pass on to people Spiritland, they too become guardian angels, which grow as he grows, and in after life may save him from many a sorrow. In youth the business of ghost-making is pursued with impetuous energy. If, in the main, thought is exercised on healthy subjects, if the bad thoughts and impulses and desires are struck down by a vigorous conscience as they pass, they enter the world

beyond crippled and almost powerless for mischief. There is no war so politic as this slaying of evil thoughts in youth. If the sword be wielded valiantly, the after years may be happy; if it remains sheathed, Spiritland must be crowded with spectre-evils, which will hereafter make a ghastly array. In mature life men and women are still peopling the land whence come phantoms to haunt the closing years of this chequered career. To the last the process goes on, and the ghosts of the later days are jostled by those of the earliest, which seem to gain fresh vigour as the power of creating new phantoms declines. When life's sun is setting, the host begins to gather round. That is a glorious spectacle which the scene presents when the good and the virtuous bear the palm of victory, and the hymn of praise is sung round the dying soul by a choir of triumphant spirits. To such a bright ending all may look forward with hope and confidence; but the stern, the solemn truth remains —Spiritland is peopled with the spectral shades of thoughts, aspirations and actions cherished or performed by the men and women they haunt, and for whose lives they are banes or blessings as the years roll on, crowns or curses when the scene at length closes in.

WILL.

THE mystery of the human will has engrossed the enterprise and ingenuity of the strongest, clearest, and ablest thinkers of all ages, and it remains inscrutable. Is it free or enslaved? Is man his own master, or the subservient creature of good and evil powers and influences outside himself? If he controls his own conduct in life, how comes it to pass that one half of his days are spent in vain regrets for the wrong he does and the mistakes he makes in the other half—that evil deeds are no sooner repented than repeated, errors committed again and again, in the face of many bitter experiences, with a spirit of self-sufficiency or wantonness? Questions like these have perplexed the students of human nature in every clime and phase of culture, and, setting aside certain narrow-minded and obviously unsatisfactory hypotheses, which neither dispel the mystery nor quell anxiety to get at the truth, the world is no wiser now than in the old days when an apostle complained, "For what I would, that do I not; but that I hate, that do I." Nevertheless it may be possible to approach somewhat nearer to a solution of the enigma, and in many practical ways prove useful, if we can only obtain a definite notion of what the will is, whence it springs, how it works, to what influences it is amenable, and under what con-

ditions it retains the sceptre of self-government, and when and how it is most likely to be dethroned, either enslaved for the passing moment or banished from its kingdom. "Will" is one of those little words with big meanings upon which half an hour's patient and serious attention may be wisely bestowed.

Will is, in fact, the expression of desire. This is the sort of will and wilfulness we find in children. They long for an object, and, as far as they are concerned, they *will* have it. Later on in life what, for want of a better term, we call intelligence, gives a new character to will. It is still desire, but experience and reason render it self-restrained and judicious. The passionate wilfulness evinced in striving to grasp the iridescent halo of a candle-flame has been toned down by the experience of burnt fingers; while the wilful earnestness with which the child struggled to penetrate looking-glass-land has been corrected by the discovery that things are not always what they seem. The adolescent will is desire cultured and subdued by contact and acquaintance with facts. The process of education proceeds more or less rapidly until, when maturity is reached—if that point be attained—the judicial faculty comes to be the chief characteristic of mind, and "resolution founded on judgment" is a paraphrase of the monosyllable "will." Capricious desire dies out, mere longing is not gratified, thought, purpose, intention replace impulse. The development differs with the individual, both in regard to the progress made and the point reached, but the truth we are chiefly concerned to bring out is manifest; it is the same will or desire which grows up with the body from birth to manhood, and the qualities of the fully developed faculty are those which have been imparted to it by the culture it has

received. It follows from this that the will which plays so prominent a part in the production or advancement of human happiness is, in fact, a passion or impulse. It should be the first purpose of life to educate, to strengthen, to endow it, with reason and the faculty of restraint.

There is no higher or more potent part of mind than will; nor, except in morbid conditions of the mental system, is it ever passive or subservient. A "resigned will" is either one of the most powerful of wills—a will that conquers desire and resolves to be submissive—or it is a fine name given to a feeble state of mind in which indifference produces the semblance of a docility in the last degree contemptible. When people do what they will not, they in fact give way to a corrupt impulse under a false pretence. The metaphorical conception of "another will" in the members "warring against the will of the mind" is a philosophic embodiment of the subjective experience; the judicious faculty has not been trained to the perfect self-mastery of passion and impulse. When the natural cravings or propensities are not held in subjection, by judgment, desire is passion-ridden and the animal instincts are not adequately under the control of intelligent and rational thought. A man knows a thing is wrong and yet he does it; he acts wilfully—the will of his carnal appetite, or purely animal propensity, is triumphant. In other words, the will—for there is only one will, though, for the sake of making the matter more simple, it is sometimes spoken of as two wills (just as a man is said to be "*beside* himself")—is not informed or instructed, and at the same time strengthened, up to the point of being able to act on the lines laid down by principle instead of being hurried on blindly by impulse. The fault, the responsibility,

the fundamental error, lies in the neglect to train the will for the duties of sovereignty. There is nothing to excuse the omission or to avoid the consequences. It is vain to plead temptation; when a man is tempted, "he is drawn away of his own lust and enticed." Any attraction or influence outside the individual must be dependent upon something within his nature for its power to exercise a constraining influence. Except there be appetite, the sight of food creates loathing rather than desire. It is then idle to talk of being seduced by temptation. This pretence is the refuge of weak minds, the excuse of moral cowards, men and women with strong propensities they wilfully gratify, but for which they would fain be held excused, because, forsooth, some being or power external to themselves tempted them! The figment—for such it is—of outside influence is infinitely mean and contemptible. Will is desire. It springs from a longing to gratify some impulse. It works by determining the mental and physical forces to a particular end. It is amenable to all natural influences, stirred within, or operating from without. It is also capable of being so instructed and informed by education, knowledge, and experience as to be controlled in its action by considerations wholly intellectual. It retains the sceptre of self-government throughout life, unless consciousness is suspended or the mind becomes diseased. Except under these two last-named conditions, conduct is voluntary and admits no excuse. A weak will is, in other words, a wanton will, dallying with duty, and seeking a cover for wrong-doing in the pretence of being misled.

It is of the highest moment to get this truth about will rightly understood. The greater portion of the evil and mischief done in society and the world is

committed under the consoling sense of irresponsibility. Men and women cheat their consciences, and quiet the still small voice of wisdom in their hearts with unctuous confessions of failure for which they hold themselves hardly accountable, but for which they are nevertheless highly censurable. There is no more melancholy or humiliating spectacle than that presented by a sane and even intelligent man or woman with eyes lowered and head bowed lamenting the weakness of human nature, and pleading inability to resist some impulse to an evil deed or the neglect of duty. So far from confession wiping out the fault, it adds insult to injury. Forgiveness can never efface a wrong. Nothing can undo that which has been once done. If the penalty of a crime or error is remitted, that does not in the smallest degree, or in any sense, touch the fact that an offence has been perpetrated. The sorrow that springs from the fear of punishment for guilt incurred is unworthy the heart of an intelligent creature: and the sorrow for guilt, the only grief that tends to improvement, cannot be assuaged by pardon. Gratitude will fill the heart, but gratitude is at best a selfish instinct —nothing to boast of or glory in. Joy, in the only true sense, cannot spring from forgiveness, unless it be thankfulness for rescue from some error, not because punishment will be escaped, but because, the eyes being opened to a fault, it may be henceforth avoided. This rejoicing in which the will takes part is one in which a man may go on his way to better courses; any other rejoicing is vain. A "religion"—falsely so called—which promises a pardon for every fault, and glorifies "confession" as a part of repentance, is one of the cunningly devised fables by which false prophets traffic in the mingled vice and credulity of the sin-loving multi-

tude, who would rather pay for their evil pleasures than abandon them. It matters nothing whether the promulgators of this pestilent creed call themselves Romanists or Anglicans, it is the ruin of more lives, and the fostering parent of more evil and immorality, than any one of the incentives to wicked and vicious conduct commonly recognised.

A matter-of-fact creed and a robust view of life and its obligations are the needs of the day. The sentimental notions which prevail are essentially enervating. The cumulative effect of experience is sacrificed by a system of confessing and being forgiven with the intention of starting afresh. All the momentum of self-improvement is lost if, the instant a fault is committed, the offender can shake off the sense of wrong-doing and begin anew. What is so easily wiped out will readily be repeated. The secret knowledge that an evil deed has been atoned throws something into the scale of impulse when the occasion for its repetition recurs. The pleasure of self-gratification has been enjoyed and the sense of the guilt attending it relieved; why not repurchase the enjoyment at the same price?

I am not writing platitudes, but arguing man to man in these observations; and I say this is how such a doctrine of forgiveness acts on the mind. It is idle to urge that it should not produce the effect described. The fruits of the fallacy are apparent on all hands. The goodness that remits a punishment is one thing. Properly appreciated, as it very seldom is, the benevolence of pardon may inspire gratitude. In this sense forgiveness may be preached with impunity, perhaps with benefit. In the way of relieving the conscience of its burden, the hypothesis of forgiveness is the fruitful power of fresh wrong-doing. It is upon this presump-

tion that the majority of respectable transgressors of every natural law rely. Men and women have no hesitation in attaching themselves to a faith which imposes few inconveniences, and in practice cuts them off from nothing save the irksome consciousness of having done amiss. No wonder wilfully erring folk boast that they never knew happiness until they joined a "Church" which ministers such kindly help to their infirmities, and made the path of sin so easy and plain. It would be well if another Luther could arise to wake the world from its slumber of senseless credulity, and stir Christendom from end to end with warning denunciation of the deceivers and the deceived. The churches are crowded where this false doctrine is preached! Well may it be so. It scarcely needs the additional attraction of an ornate ritual, or the performance of the "mass in masquerade," to lure silly and sinful souls into the toils of a snare so cunningly laid. Common sense recoils from the contemplation of a device by which the wickedly wilful, rather than the unwary, are entrapped.

In the religion of common life, in personal conduct, in social intercourse and policy, will is the supreme governor of the mind. The hypothesis of involuntary action must be dismissed. If a particular course be taken, it is, in fact, because it is preferred. The recognition that some other line of conduct *might* have been followed, introduces an "if" or "but," which, being construed conversely, implies that, in the presence of a particular inducement to do something known and felt to be wrong, the course actually taken was the most consonant to desire. We may admit that judgment was arrayed on the other side, that conscience warned the offender; but what is that admission but a new

arraignment of the individual on the ground that his will has never been so trained or informed as to link if with the faculty of judgment, and give it a claim to be described as an "intelligent will"? This may be the fault of education, or the dwarfing and crippling effect of vice; but, explain it as we may, it is a culpable and grave defect, which in no way condones any error of conduct to which it may give rise.

A strong will in a sound mind constitutes the secret of moral health. Those who would be well and happy must also be wise; and one of the first steps to wisdom is to cast aside fallacies and call things by their right names. The ostrich buries his head in the sand and shuts his eyes to danger. In this practice he is only fulfilling a reptile instinct which the history of development explains. In pleading the weakness of his will as an excuse for his wrong-doing, man wilfully blinds his eyes to facts forced upon him by his self-consciousness. Every time he yields to "temptation" he not only performs an act of volition, but he is conscious of the precise moment when—after that skirmish of argument and feint of resistance with which a weak mind preludes its surrender to the impulse of evil desire—he *wills* to yield. And, when so acting, man has not the excuse of the silly bird. He does not conform to a natural instinct; his plea is less tenable than that offered by Eve. The mother of our race admitted that it was when she saw the fruit was pleasant to the eye and to the taste—when, in fact, her *desire* was awakened—she willed the transgression and committed the offence. The sophistry of plausible evil-doers in these more enlightened times has less of candour to commend it; forsooth, they cannot help it—they err all unwillingly when they offend! A truce to

idle fables and puerile conceits about the will of man and his responsibility. We repeat, no sane man or woman is excused for wrong-doing by the weakness of a will that never once ceases to sway the mind, except in moments of unconsciousness or disease, from the cradle to the grave. There is no escape from that incubus of responsibility which the possession of a will casts on the character, in the pretence that its sovereignty may be suspended, or its controlling authority impaired. These disabilities occur only when the mind itself is disabled and no question of responsibility could be seriously entertained.

SELF.

A LARGE proportion of the interests and anxieties of good and wise men are very properly centred on self. It would be well if many who affect the supposed virtue of unselfishness thought more of self and less of others. Self is, in truth, man's nearest, and should be his dearest, object. It is the main-spring of his life and conduct, the guiding-star of his existence; it is the treasure confided to his care, and for the safe custody of which he is responsible; it is the talisman of his journey through this strangely contradictory world, wherein nature speaks in parables, and most true sayings are paradoxes. Not to think of self, not to place self on a pinnacle and make its care and interest, in a lofty sense, the object and end of life, is folly of which no rational, intelligent being can be consciously guilty or, when the dream is over, will fail to repent.

There are degrees in virtue as well as in vice. It is even possible that virtue may become vicious when developed beyond due limits or practised in excess. This, however, is not the fault to which I am pointing. I do not say "men and women ought to think a little about self, but not too much." It is impossible to imagine a being constituted as man's nature is presented to us in this world thinking *too much* of self. He may think morbidly or wickedly, but that is a fault in method, not of subject. This brings us straight to the

secret of the paradox. Man is a thoroughly selfish creature, and it was plainly intended he should be. All the motives, the inducements, the rewards and advantagesattendant on rectitude take their rise in, or appeal to, the instinct of self-love; while the warnings, the repulsions, the deterrent and abhorrent characteristics of evil, either spring from a prudent care for self, or appeal to a selfish desire to avoid the penalties of pain and punishment. This is the lesson of history, the teaching of all we see around and feel within us. Nothing can change the constitution of human nature; and those are not philosophic moralists who strive to fly in the face of the universal instinct. Self is enthroned in every heart. It is the household god. We may cover it up, build a screen about it and shut it out from view, or so daub and dress it that the identity shall be forgotten and the idol worshipped under some new guise, but it cannot be removed from its pedestal; and those who practise self-deception gain nothing, but lose much, by the subterfuge.

Jews and Christians alike believe "God made man in His own image" and proclaimed him the masterpiece of His creation. Is it loyal to this belief to turn round and bid man despise the work in which the Creator Himself rejoiced as a triumph of excellence? It is a miserable sophistry to say man may admire and respect the work in the persons of others, but not in his own being. It is equally unreasonable and unjust to contend that the image was so marred after creation that it must needs now be treated with contempt. The selfish instinct is not extinguished in man's heart. If the image were not any longer to be an object of admiration, if it were not still the jewel entrusted to man and for the safe custody of which he is accountable, it is only

reasonable to suppose the instinct which inspires him with self-love, and would, if it could, make him thoroughly and wisely selfish, would have been destroyed—just as the burning desire to live on for ever in this world was mercifully extinguished by the disguised blessing of bodily infirmity, the sense of weariness and satiety, and that longing for rest implanted which gilds the sere leaf of life and clothes its autumn with tints that rival the garniture of summer, and prepare the failing heart for winter and death. The God of nature is a God of mercy, and they do much malign His goodness who represent Him as leaving appetites and tendencies strong in His creatures while making their gratification sin. It is in the *way* of doing right, we do wrong. It was not wrong for Adam and Eve to eat of any of the fruits of the garden save one, and that only because it was specifically forbidden. True virtue is a joyous expression of liberty. Laws are made for law-breakers. Those who are a law to themselves need no other. The lawgiver set up in the heart of every man is Self. Conscience is the minister of Self, and expounds the principle of personal self-government in a still, small voice to which those who have ears to hear are ever responsive. Self-knowledge is the cardinal duty, self-respect the first guiding principle of life.

"Know thyself." The interpretation too commonly put upon this precept transforms it into an injunction to that kind of self-examination which proceeds on the presumption that self is to be studied for its evils and perils, as a thing to be avoided that something better and worthier than self may be preserved. This a low and faulty view of the subject, from which many misconceptions and much weakness arise. Self is to be known because it is worth the pains of knowing. It is the embodiment of a nature upon which the Deity set

the seal of approval when He pronounced it good. It may have sustained injury, it may be corrupted, but it is not so irremediably damaged that all the "likeness" is utterly effaced. The image may be restored. It is the life-long duty of man to attempt this restoration. In that work he will find the highest happiness of which his nature is capable, a present enjoyment of peace and joy. Those who set about the task of knowing self, with a critical acumen for finding fault with the work before them, generally find much to depreciate and abuse. Self-depreciation becomes the leading characteristic of their system; and, if the investigation be pushed far enough, they commonly end with the discovery of an abyss of corruption, and turn away loathingly. This is the approved, but it is not the most sound or practical, state of mind for a sagacious moralist. No useful purpose is answered by bringing to light the defects and deficiences of the object we are seeking to mend. A certain crude school of philosophy prescribes the practice. Radical reform generally makes a clean sweep of the ground before it begins to build. No man, however, can wholly get rid of self; and, if he could, the house, swept and garnished, would speedily be occupied by genii worse than self. The husbandman prunes and trains, but he does not uproot. Even the tares grow together with the wheat until the harvest. The self-knowledge which consists in perpetually picking holes in Self, searching out all the rotten places and barbarously demolishing every objectionable feature, is not that to which the Wise Man enjoined his hearers or which the discreet disciple will pursue. The humility gained by taking distorted and morbid views of self, like that acquired by gazing dreamily at the tokens and relics of human mortality, is neither useful nor ennobling. It never nerved a man

for great deeds, or inspired him with really grand and elevating ideas. The true policy of self-knowledge is to look for the good in human nature; it is in this way that the natural safeguards of life and conduct will be strengthened, and a spirit of purity and goodness engendered by the rising principle of self-respect.

He who respects himself will not greatly err. To begin with, he will do little consciously that is unworthy of the "image" it is his joy to recognise, his pride to preserve. One of the worst evils of the feeble travesty of morality which has come to pass current among us takes its rise in that decrepit notion of self which reduces it to the level of a puppet in the hands of powers of evil or good outside its own nature. The man who regards his being in this false light is incapable of any resolute effort towards self-improvement. "It is of little use 'struggling' against influences so strong as those which tend to man's destruction are alleged to be; and it is needless to do more than lie passive at the disposal of beneficent spirits intent on improving man's nature whether he will or no!" This is how the credulous believer in a distorted creed reasons; and, strong in his weakness, he wanders astray. In truth, Self is an entity endowed with powers, and therefore charged with responsibilities, which it is short-sighted to disregard and perilous to ignore. Man may cajole himself with the conceit that he is the creature of circumstances—simply so much matter projecting so much energy in the form of character, and exercising a quantity of force in good or evil, as the conditions determine; but the fact remains, whatever may be the scientific formula of work and motion, that man is a self-controlling and therefore a responsible being—and the recognition of this

fact, implying, as it does, self respect, is the fundamental principle of personal morality. Self-respect starts from this preliminary assumption, and it proceeds to assert the obligation of consistency in conforming the conduct to the highest model of what human nature should be. It is in this intelligent fashion that the worship of work, attempting to reproduce a perfect example, comes to be a reasonable service. The self within is restored after the pattern of a model set before man for his reverent imitation. Crush out the respect of self, deny the "likeness" in which man was made, and the whole motive-thought and principle of Christianity falls to the ground. The energising thought, the pure, inspiriting impulse, takes its rise in the glorious conception of that sublime truth—"God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him."

It is the ideal self, the creative idol—the εἴδωλον—man must respect and esteem—his better nature, his true self—not the broken image he finds within him. Lovers of art do not admire cracked and fractured relics of antique statuary for their defects and deficiencies, but for the beauty of form which remains in spite of these drawbacks. No intelligent man will respect Self for its tokens of corruption and decrepitude. The worship of the household god must therefore be performed intelligently. The defects will not be exaggerated but deplored. The image will be preserved and restored after the great Model of perfect humanity with which the world has been instructed and saved from final ruin. Lesser exemplars of goodness will be followed, so far as they realise some trait in the character of the Supreme Ideal. Meanwhile it is not only a vain but a mistaken notion that unselfishness is

the basis of virtue. Self will show itself in noble phases—seeking good for others, doing to others as it would be done by—and the most excellent of Self-worshippers will love others as he loves Self; but he will not be unselfish—on the contrary, it is as, or because, he loves Self that he loves others who share with him the likeness of the Creator in whom we live and move and have our being, and from whom all men proceed. It is well to seek accurate and practical views of truth. Mere sentimental perceptions of goodness will never carry a man safely through life. It is because the practice of taking impressions second-hand, cast in conventional moulds of thought and expression, is so prevalent that the religion of common life languishes and many well-meaning and sincere resolutions are wrecked.

Personal character must be built up on the lines of personal thought. Those who think by proxy cannot shake off the responsibility of acting for themselves, and they must suffer for themselves. It is a selfish life that we live, full of experiences restricted to Self. "The heart knoweth his own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy." Common sense, that trusty monitor, tells us Self is the supreme consciousness after all. Conscience interprets the language of Self, when it counsels goodness as the secret source of happiness. A man's own introspective faculty must convince him that his innermost object, the treasure which he guards most jealously, is Self. It is better to accept the consequences of this universal proposition as it stands confessed at all points. Self-seeking is only wrong when Self is sought wrongly or it is the wrong Self we seek—the broken image and blemished picture, not the great Original, in the like-

ness of which the little Self within us was fashioned and made. To some minds it may seem unimportant that the correction we have sought to make should be enforced. Mere words are not of high moment, but, when a form of expression throws a stumbling-block in the way of self-improvement, it is wise to reconsider the phrase. It must have happened in the experience of most of us that the injunction to unselfishness excited a feeling of bewilderment rather than docility. "How can a man cease to live for self? He may pretend to do this, but he cannot cheat his own conscience. Self reigns within and over us, it supplies some of our highest impulses and casts around us the most effectual of safeguards." This is just reasoning, which none can gainsay and, in the secret of his own consciousness, every one must feel to be conclusive. We seek to remove the obstacle and overcome the difficulty by explaining that the expression is a fallacy, while the truth it embodies is eternal and eminently practical. There are two selves—the ideal and the actual. The former is worthy of respect, and may be trusted; the latter is a dilapidated picture, and treacherous. The inner, the better self, the principle of humanity which inspires a man with lofty ideas of duty and conduct, befitting the dignity of his nature, origin, and destiny, is the Self in respect of which it were well for him if he could be thoroughly selfish. True wisdom points to this view of the fact. It is in accord with the teachings of Scripture and experience. It does no violence to the instincts of Common-sense, and engages instead of outraging the motive-thought of life in the interests of morality and self-improvement. Most of the difficulties that beset the path of the well-meaning and earnest are the products of misconception, or

"oppositions of science"—the science of philosophy—"falsely so called." It is not that the science is false, but the apparent "opposition" is unreal, the effect of a distorted or mistaken view of the truth inculcated. Life would be happier, and religion more a thing of daily experience, if we were less trammelled by the tradition of words, and attention were bestowed on subjects worthier than phrases that are often empty, sometimes false, and too frequently misleading to those who rely on the thoughts of others, instead of thinking out paradoxes for themselves.

WORK.

A LIFE of labour is a life of pleasure in its highest, best, and most enduring form. First, there is the consciousness of discharging a duty, or performing some useful service; second, there is the pleasure of conquering a difficulty, a triumph of skill; and, third, the hope of reward. Nor is this all. The mind looks back on work honestly and thoroughly done with a feeling of gratification which nothing can transcend or destroy. Let us glance at these three pleasures of work at closer quarters. The time will not be wasted if the business of life is made more interesting by the reflections a few moments' consideration may suggest.

The sense of duty has always been strong in the minds of good men, powerful to prompt to action, to sustain in the presence of discomfiture, to recover the faint-hearted from their despondency, and incite the weary and unsuccessful to begin again. How many a "lost" battle has been won, an "impossible" feat achieved, an "impracticable" task performed, under the energising influence of duty! It is not easy to describe the emotion that stirs the breast of man or woman sacrificing self at the call of duty; but those who are familiar with this feeling will not deny that it is one of the most ennobling and agreeable. Yes, agreeable. There is no more pleasing and proud conscious-

ness than that which inspires the courageous heart with the spirit of devotion. The call of duty is one to which the instinct of man's better nature always gratefully and happily responds. It may seem hard to lay aside some cherished delight, to balk the expectation of a fancied enjoyment, to forego the ease of selfish gratification; but even in the performance of this sacrifice there is a pleasure which those, only, who have often and fully obeyed the impulse can adequately understand. Love mingles with duty when the husband toils for the wife, the father for his family, the wife and mother for home. Those who labour for the sustenance of others upon whom their affections are centred are doubly blest; they minister happiness and they discharge an obligation—both proud and grateful tasks which it is a privilege to fulfil.

Then there is the personal gratification of accomplishing some enterprise of skill and industry. The skilled worker has the joy of his craft. That is a sorry view of labour which sees nothing but toil in the present. "The hope of reward sweetens labour," is a proverb of no great dignity. It is not the anticipation of something afterwards to recompense for the effort put forth that constitutes the best or most powerful incentive to industry. The man who sees nothing in his work which is in itself attractive is unlikely to achieve any great result by his exertions. You must love work for its own sake to obtain the best price for labour. The glorification of the pleasure of hope is an empty business. The reward will be acceptable when it comes; but with all the uncertainties of life pressed clearly upon him, a man wants something better than hope to sustain him. Those are the most indefatigable and enterprising explorers who are fired by the love of adventure.

The man who goes out simply to bring back fame, and who bridges over the interval between starting and returning with hope, is exceedingly likely to fail. Mountain-climbing will not be well performed by those who care only for the prospect upon which the eyes are to be feasted when the summit is reached. If the zest begotten by hope sustains them in the ascent, reflection will scarcely keep them light-hearted through the weary way down again. The climber must revel in muscular exercise; he must feel a glow of enthusiasm in conquering the difficulties of the path. It is this sort of work which produces the highest reward and the worthiest result.

Perhaps there is too little real love of work in the world; we sometimes fancy there must be, when the interest centred on results is so overwhelming and the concern for industry so small. Depend upon it the task of grinding away at uncongenial occupations wears out more lives prematurely than are spent in willing labour. The rough-and-ready way of fixing on a craft that seems "easy to learn" or "likely to pay" is the fruitful source of many lifelong disappointments. A young man should at all costs engage in some business to which his inclination tends. Mere caprice is, of course, puerile; but a wise and careful choice is manly, and will recompense the patience it often exacts. The practice of putting boys and girls to trades for which they have no special taste is a blunder, for which parents and children both have to suffer. Unless there is personal interest in the work in hand, labour is seldom sweetened and the reward often fails.

The hope of recompense is a complementary source of pleasure, and should be ever so regarded. It must

not be the main object, but it contributes to the satisfaction of success. Even with respect to this hope and its realization there is something to be urged by way of warning. The reward is never as full as it ought to be unless it consists, not merely in the payment of a debt for strength and time expended, but in a crowning act of recompense for the skill bestowed. There is no task so small, no routine of business so ordinary, no effort so limited, that it may not be made the occasion for a triumph of art. From the laying of bricks to the government of a nation, from the cut of a coat to the elaboration of a mathematical problem, there is not anything unworthy of the utmost pains which can be bestowed upon it, and that will not be elevated in the scale of work by the effort. There *is* a scale of work, and, level trade enterprise as we may, the best work will in the end bring the highest reward.

It is unfortunate that so much short-sighted ingenuity should be bestowed on the endeavour to reduce work to a uniform pattern and extinguish the ambition that yearns for exceptional triumph. The individual worker may however console himself with the assurance that this crass endeavour cannot be successful, and the dull-witted, leaden-handed, or indolent ought wisely to be forewarned. A steady, persevering struggle for improvement will certainly bring its reward. The enterprising will be detached from the mere time-server, let what ties may bind them. Water will find its level, and steam will force its way upward; it is not less certain that a vigorous spirit will shake itself free from any fetters, and assert its liberty by the conquest of results. This may happen in any department of industry, and those who love work and desire success should take care that part of the reward they promise

themselves, and without which they will never rest satisfied, is the production of better work than that against which their effort is pitted. The hope and realisation of such a recompense will not only sweeten labour, but give that zest to enterprise without which it can scarcely be expected to succeed.

Work is man's mission in the world, and it is Nature's balm or antidote for the sorrows and evils to which he is exposed. The body grows by exercise. The food taken is not only earned by labour, extracted from the earth by toil, but the degree in which it serves as nutriment for the organism is determined by the amount of work it is calculated to supply. Chemists and physiologists compute the quantity of food required in measures of force—or work. And the body takes in just as much real nourishment as will replace the tissues which have been consumed by exercise. Anything beyond the quantity required is waste, and the elimination of superfluous material forms a heavy tax on the strength and vitality of the body. Some work with their muscles, others with their brains. Those who neglect the balance of work are unhealthy, and those who do not work at all speedily succumb to disease and die. Each class of workers naturally counts its own toil the greatest. The labourer who breaks stones or carries heavy weights cannot understand that the statesman, who rolls to the House of Parliament in his carriage, and perhaps spends half his time in apparent ease, works as hard as he does. Meanwhile the mind, worn with grinding thought, looks with envy on the manual labourer, and forgets that he too knows the weariness of toil. If lives were measured off and the work done by each compared, it would probably be found that all, except the

constitutionally indolent and unsound perform a proportionate amount of work, and, looking to the different descriptions of industry, receive a commensurate reward. In every class of society and all departments of skill and enterprise, those are the happiest and most successful who labour with the keenest sense of duty, interest, and hope, and, with the courage inspired by the consciousness that industry, like virtue, is its own reward, struggle for the greatest perfection in work.

Ways of working are no less important than skill and perseverance. Some err by trusting wholly to the mood. This is a fault that grows out of misconception as to the part intent should play in industry. There are wonderful tales of artists who have waited year after year for inspiration, supposing that no good result could be gained without a special feeling of desire. This is a weak excuse for laziness. In great cities few would get up in the morning if they waited for an inspiration to rise and plunge into the cold bath. A man often sits down to a task with great reluctance, but the mere fact of conquering an objection to work, the effort that overcomes inertia, seems to rouse his latent power, and he is surprised to find how well he has done. The practice of resting on one's oars and postponing duty until inclination points onward is bad, and bespeaks an indolent propensity which ought to be rigorously repressed. Any busy man who looks back must feel that many a path trodden with heavy feet has led to success. The day that begins badly often ends well. The task commenced in sorrow or down-heartedness is not unfrequently finished with exultation and a foretaste of triumph. There is a moral victory in making the reluctant faculties respond to a strong effort of the will. The man who thus reins and disciplines

himself will find that he has greater command of his powers than the genius who sighs for inspiration, waits on the Muse, and grows lean and lazy in his expectancy. Vigorous, steady work is the best, and the only, labour worthy of man.

It is good policy to set one object before the mind and never to rest until it is attained. Flitting about from point to point with ever-changing purpose is a poor enterprise. It is better to finish the business in hand, even if it is foreseen to be a failure. Success is a great object, but the power of commanding success will be a greater prize. Some thought should be bestowed on the cultivation of a man's own capabilities; and, looking to this important phase of the subject, many failures are in truth genuine triumphs. The proposed end may not be gained, but, if it has been earnestly sought, the powers brought to bear upon the task have been developed and strengthened by the effort, and they are now available for a better enterprise elsewhere. If, on the other hand, the task is not completed, not only has the time spent upon it been practically thrown away, but a habit of failure has been formed which it is extremely difficult to eradicate, and wherefrom manifold disappointments may afterwards arise. That it is vain to expect old heads on young shoulders is one of the lessons we learn late in life; but those who have the wisdom to profit by the experience of others, who have gone before them, may avoid discomfiture, and earlier reach the goal. Another point of prudence is to throw the heart into every work in which it is thought worth while to engage. Whatever the business may be, if it is good enough to attempt, it should be done thoroughly well. This is an old-fashioned copy-book maxim, but none the worse on

that account, and the young in life should it give heed. Unfortunately, there is a prevalent tendency to economise labour and apportion just as much strength and skill to a task as it may appear to require. This notion is penny wise and pound foolish. Settle first whether the thing is to be done, and, if it is attempted, spare no effort to succeed. Take a *selfish* view of the case; think what effect being baffled is likely to have on the mind, and, however little value may be attached to the issue, remember that the faculties engaged may be strengthened, or rendered feeble in the task.

Work well, honestly, hopefully, steadily. It is not only the lot but the privilege of all to labour; and in discharging this duty lies the secret of health and happiness. Many a poor groaning sufferer, and a multitude of weak and worried minds, would find relief in real work. Work with a purpose is alone worthy the name. Not a few well-meaning but misguided persons move about the world with tools in their hands and a show of work, when in truth they are lounging through life, wasting strength, and growing each day less resolute, able, and clear-headed. The worst sorrows and evils that beset man are fruits of a struggle against the decree, not made in anger, but in a spirit of love and mercy, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." Surely mortals falsely interpret this beneficent mandate. Man, left to mourn over his loss of original happiness, with indolent lamentations, might well have sunk beneath the burden of his sorrow; with labour to engross and cheer his heart, life became endurable. Has the reader never felt the relief of work? Has he not experienced the joy of exertion? Mental and physical health implies labour; work is the source of pleasure. It is no

figure of speech to say, "A life of labour is a life of pleasure." The pleasing thoughts and reflections work inspires, and the capacity for enjoyment exertion brings, are the constituent elements and conditions of real and enduring happiness; without these pleasures would pale and desire fail.

REST.

IN its broad sense, applicable to the compound being —the mental and physical constitution—of man as a whole, rest is unattainable while life continues; work is the condition, as labour is the price, of existence. Meanwhile, rest for each, in turn, of the component parts of the human personalty can be obtained, but only in one method of procedure, by a single expedient. It is not procurable otherwise. Happily, intelligent perception of the way in which rest has been secured is not essential to its enjoyment. The process may be carried out and the requirements satisfied, although the rest-seeker is unconscious of the means by which the end has been reached. A knowledge of the mode and conditions indispensable to the result so much desired should however help to insure its attainment, and, as rest is what the toiling multitude of men and women, all the world over, most wearily strive for, a short half-hour will scarcely be wasted in searching out the secret of its nature and the measures by which it may be gained.

No mere cessation from activity is *rest*. Its essential principle is relief; but even that will not alone produce it. The complement of relief from pain or of release from toil is recuperation. There can be no true rest without the realisation of these conditional states—relief

or release, and repair. This fundamental law would alone suffice to show that much more than surcease from labour is requisite to establish rest. The statist who deals with the operation of purely physical forces upon lifeless forms, finds rest in the neutralisation of opposing forces. When gravity is neutralised by support, when two powers acting in opposite directions upon the same centre are equal, there is "rest"—the rest of inertia.

Living matter can never lie inert; and the only rest possible to it must be attained by other means than the negation of movement. Nevertheless the principle of rest-production is the same in both cases, with this difference, that, while it is the equilibrium of external forces acting upon lifeless matter that constitutes the "rest" of the statist, that of the biologist is brought about by equilibriating the forces at work within the organism, so that wear and waste may be compensated and the integrity of life with its functions maintained. The secret of resting, therefore, consists in the establishment of a condition in which the expenditure of strength by exertion of any kind is exactly compensated by the healthy, natural, unwearied, and painless exercise of the function of replenishment and repair. It follows that rest may be possible in the midst of labour, whereas it will sometimes be unobtainable in a state of perfect indolence. It is of high moment that this should be clearly perceived.

It has been often remarked that the animal organism presents the nearest approach to a machine capable of perpetual motion which can ever be constructed. From the first moment of life to the last, the heart never ceases its rhythmical movements. This is possible, because the organ is to a large extent endowed with

the power of compensating its own wear. It is upon this faculty of recuperation that the integrity of the living organism depends. The sense of weariness which calls for rest is a warning symptom that the function of repair needs to be performed. The animal body is so constituted that those organs which must act continuously are provided with the power of compensating their waste while still performing their functions. This is in a lesser degree probably true of all parts of the organism; but it is ordained that organs which are brought into operation only for special purposes, as the muscles of locomotion and the brain, require periods of rest for their repair and nourishment. If any part of the body which falls under this last-mentioned condition is unduly taxed, it suffers injury; the law of its preservation has been transgressed. Neither brain nor muscle can be "overworked"—that is, worked over the limits of its normal time and amount of activity—without disaster. Sleep and repose are the states in which the repair of nerve and muscular tissue have been supposed to take place. If the sleep is not natural and the repose complete, the normal process of recuperation is impeded, and deterioration ensues, as the consequence of uncompensated waste. The faculty of recuperation is a vital function, and is strengthened by healthful exercise of the organ by which it is possessed. This is one reason why prolonged inactivity unfits for exertion, the function of repair is weakened, and fatigue, the monitory sense of need, comes on rapidly, and is not relieved when the usual amount of repose has been enjoyed. Practically, one of the most significant symptoms of over-work is inability to rest. When sleep does not refresh the brain, or repose fails to restore the vigour of muscular energy, there is something amiss

with the faculty of re-creation; the waste is not replaced, or the tone and elasticity of the system are impaired. However this faculty of recuperation may be constituted it has clearly one remarkable feature which is too commonly overlooked. It is, in some strange way, associated throughout the body, so that the repair of an overworked organ may be advanced by the stimulating effect of work in some other part of the organism. In a small degree, perhaps, the beneficial effect of exercising one part of the system to relieve and restore the condition of some other may be derivative, excitement being allayed, and force which might prove injurious at a particular focus, being drawn off to a distant organ. This hypothesis does not, however, account for the result obtained or offer a satisfactory explanation of its occurrence. We do not lay enough stress on the service performed by the faculty of repair or the part it plays in the production of rest. If attention were more intelligently bestowed on this natural function, it might be possible to learn the conditions by which it is influenced and controlled. That knowledge once gained, it is easy to see how valuable it might become in the relief of many painful maladies originating in exhaustion.

If the brain is wearied with over-work, rest will be best secured by cessation of the particular labour in which the strength has been exhausted. It is seldom practicable to find rest in mental idleness. When relief seems to be obtained by inaction of intellect, it generally happens that some new interest has been awakened, and the mind is still busy, but with an unaccustomed object. The recuperative faculty does not readily act in aid of exhausted brain tissue, unless the mental organ is normally employed. The mind works

almost continuously—even in sleep it is engaged. Profound slumber may be dreamless, or the impressions received by the memory too faint to be recalled; as a matter of experience, however, we know the thinking power is seldom dormant, and its attendant function of repair must needs be active also. The most successful method of relieving an overworked brain is to create some entirely new chain of thought by change of scene and fresh subjects of interest. If this can be accomplished, the sense of fatigue begins to pass away, and the periodic succession of conscious activity and repose is re-established; in other words the brain *rests*. It must therefore be understood that rest comprehends more than an interval of inaction: it includes the compensation of waste and repair. On the same principle a muscular system suffering from excessive exertion is more likely to be restored by tonic exercise in some new direction than the relaxation of idleness. Both these instances point to the fact that, although intervals of repose are necessary, it is by no means certain that the process of recuperation is effected during what is popularly called "rest." It is more probable that the essential act of nutrition is performed simultaneously with that of healthy and moderate work. In any case the main point for our consideration is clear; rest in its practical and useful sense is a function governed by physiological laws and processes, and its full benefit can be obtained only under conditions and by methods conformable to the natural requirements.

It was necessary to premise thus much in explanation of the nature of rest; let us now try to deal with the subject at close quarters and in an aspect less technical. It would be difficult to overestimate the importance of a right understanding of the way in which rest may be

obtained. All know how weariness grows out of the monotonous repetition of the same form of exertion. Mere routine work will call for rest almost as urgently as excessive labour: the requirements of the two cases are however entirely different. The weary mental automatist, worn out with the sameness of his subject of contemplation and the mill-horse labour in which his life is spent, needs rest in the common sense. Mere cessation from labour will generally liberate force which expends itself in a new direction. His faculty of repair is commonly in good order, and, given a sufficient spell of idleness, health will be restored. Change may be agreeable, but it is not essential to relief. When the round of occupation is broken, energy seems to be immediately available for other forms of activity. The case is widely different when the need for rest arises from exhaustion produced by severe or prolonged mental labour, in which a succession of great efforts have been made with frequent calls upon the reserve of strength. This is the sort of exhaustion brought about by anxiety, grave trouble, and, above all, worry. The faculty of repair is itself enfeebled. No mere liberation from toil will suffice to restore the mental health. It often happens that the full extent of the injury wrought is not discovered until the attempt to cure is made. While the excitement continued the process of consumption advanced; but for the interruption it would have gone on until irreparable exhaustion had been accomplished. The seeming "crisis" is not uncommonly caused by some accident to the general health, or an unexpected occurrence which arrests the morbid procession of events. Such a calamity is often a blessing in disguise. The apparently strong mind gives way under a strain which

scarcely seems sufficient to account for the illness. It was the last straw that broke the back of endurance. When the interruption occurs, the man falls ill—perhaps he has a fit, or some "weakness"—and he is unable to rally. The immediate consequences are not results of the accidental strain—they are the discovered effects of his previous wasting. There is no reserve of strength left, no restorative power. It has been secretly consumed by the antecedent exertion. The recovery is very slow and generally incomplete.

The faculty of rejuvenescence is not long-lived. If it be used up too rapidly, the weakness of old age, an incurable malady, may be induced in middle or even early life. It is this premature consumption of the powers of repair which produces the incurable collapse of too ardent brain-workers. If the real nature of this "over-work" is detected in time, if the weariness that calls for a new development of the faculty of repair, not less than relief for the severely-taxed intellect, is recognised and a rational mode of treatment adopted, the worst evils may be avoided. It is in cases of this class that change needs to be applied as a stimulant to the recuperative powers. The endeavour must be directed not merely to relieve from a burden, but to restore the capacity for rest—the active regenerative form of rest we have tried to illustrate. To this end the faculties should be induced to act in some new direction. Danger lurks in the path of indolence, and it will not lead back to health. Without especial care the enfeebled mind, too much exhausted even to repair its injuries and replenish its wasted strength, is likely to drift into permanent impotence, perhaps become demented. Cases of the kind are peculiarly difficult to treat, and for this reason an effort to convalesce needs to

be made by the sufferer; but he is seldom, unfortunately, in a condition either to perceive his need of effort or to overcome the cravings of a morbid impulse for what seems to promise rest. The longing for rest in these instances is like the yearning for sleep that possesses the traveller in cold regions. If he gives way he is lost. The effort must be to awaken fresh interest. Change of scene, and occasionally even a responsibility inciting to exertion, will prove remedial. Sympathy, love, taste, impulse of any kind, may rouse the mind from its stupor, but, unless it is awakened by some means, no improvement can be expected.

If the reader can master the lesson I have tried to teach, he will not regret the pains spent in learning it. Disastrous consequences too frequently ensue from mistakes as to the nature of this yearning for rest which is so commonly experienced. Those who feel it should ask themselves, "What is it nature wants?" Be assured the question is not unnecessary or without gravity. Setting aside cases in which the clamour for rest is only the rebellion of an indolent spirit against the universal decree of labour, the cry is significant. It may spring from either of several causes, and one, not the most easily recognised, is of such moment that, if neglected, the doom of mind may be sealed. If the habitual employment is simply monotonous, the yearning may be met by mere cessation of labour; but, if it is fraught with anxiety, and necessitates oft-repeated efforts to cope with difficulty overtaxing the thought, instead of trusting to relief from toil or worry, the sufferer should set himself to a voluntary engrossment with some interesting topic or pursuit. The sense of relief found by this intentional diversion will be incomparably greater than idleness can afford.

Better resort to any healthful and working pastime than to indolence. It is only in activity that the mind enjoys health. Cure the mischief wrought by "overwork" in one direction, by voluntary enterprise in some other. In this way the faculty of repair will be strengthened, and the mind, instead of drifting into chronic weakness, will regain its tone and be fortified for new exertions. While the brain lives it must work. The tendency to inaction is the downward dragging to death.

THE BURDEN OF LIFE.

IT seems strange to speak of life as a burden. Nevertheless most intelligent persons find it to be one; and no inconsiderable portion of their energy is devoted to the task of sustaining, although they are fully as much concerned in prolonging, the infliction. Only a small minority of conscious creatures are able to live, so to say, unconsciously. The great mass of the "creation groaneth and travaileth together;" the machinery of life labours heavily; and the sum of work accomplished by living men is much less than it might be under more favourable conditions, because the expenditure of force necessary to maintain the working organism is considerable and exhausting. Philosophy preaches and experience teaches the wisdom of avoiding the error of excessive carefulness. Nature is a fond guardian, and those who prove docile children, obeying her silent behests, are well cared for and protected. That portion—and it has lately come to be a large part—of the burden of life heaped up in the ever-present anxiety to eke out the span of existence is not only needless but embarrassing. If life is to be loaded in this fashion with its own provender and physic, it will soon cease to be of use in the cause of progress; and society, if not the individual, will begin to ask whether it is worth having.

It is, too, becoming a question of common sense, and one of no inconsiderable importance, whether some of our instructors are not pushing the pursuit of health and longevity to the verge of the ridiculous. If we are to be converted into a nation of valetudinarians, laid up in lavender, amid surroundings elaborately prepared to exclude disease and shut out death, and compelled to live under a "rule" as irksome as that imposed on certain orders of ascetics, it will be time to ask if emigration to a less laboriously and exclusively healthful clime may not prove a relief from the toil of bearing a burden ruthlessly exaggerated. By all means rid civilised life of the parasites and creepers which have grown upon and surround it. Amend the errors and defects of great cities, reform and reconstruct the conditions of an existence carried on in such breathless haste that there has been neither time nor strength to spend upon its own necessities; but let this good work be accomplished without crazing the world with total abstinence or any other totalism which strives to substitute sentiment for sense, and proceeds on the assumption that men and women must be treated as children, to be kept from everything that may be abused instead of being trained in its use. Obviously, for example, temperance is incompatible with teetotalism. No one can be temperate in the use of an article from which he is wholly debarred. It is a moral triumph to inculcate temperance, because the faculty of self-restraint is thereby developed and strengthened—and this faculty is the only trusty safeguard against excess of every and any kind. Meanwhile it is degrading to the intellect and character to enforce total abstinence. It is like putting gloves on a lunatic to prevent his injuring himself. It is not the way to elevate "the people,"

and it is time to speak out plainly on the subject of a craze which is working wondrous harm by enfeebling the national character it pretends to improve. Reformers of the school against which these remarks are directly pointed go about loading the backs of men and women with burdens greater than they can bear. Nor is this the worst phase of the evil. It is chiefly among the weak-minded that they succeed; and, for them, they neither bring new strength nor suggest a new purpose in life. The mission of true beneficence is distinguished by these two characteristics—it imparts fresh vigour, and it points to an object for the first time recognised by the awakened intelligence. Those who preach temperance to any useful purpose are engaged in a mission distinguished by these qualities. The man who succeeds in using intelligently what he has hitherto abused has acquired a force of character which will serve him and advance his interests in many directions besides that of moderation in the recourse to stimulants; meanwhile self-government gives him a new aim in life, and the pursuit brings him happiness. Apply this principle generally to the practical duties and privileges of life. Take the maxim, "All things are given us lawfully to enjoy;" see that use never degenerates into abuse, and, without burdening the mind with an additional incubus, progress will be found to be not only possible but prosperous, the present undisturbed, the outlook enlarged and cloudless. Life is a burden; the weight will not be diminished by loading it with needless baggage.

Some find the burden in life itself—it is so hard to live; others feel chiefly the weight of accessories. It is a heavy business to live the only life practicable. Many difficulties make it "hard to live." Personal

infirmity and disease are among the most formidable. The cripples in mind or body who hobble through life sorely burdened by their afflictions are numerous; and, to do them justice, they contrive to get on, not only very tolerably, but with a measure of success which the careless may envy. In truth, a little burden of this description frequently gives ballast to the character, and not only does the "cracked pitcher go often to the well," but it displays a remarkable capacity for holding the water of life which some of the brazen vessels less likely to leak allow to drip and dribble away with prodigal celerity. It would be a curious and comforting inquiry to ascertain what proportion per cent. of the happy, if not hale, community of letters, art, intellectual industry, and work of all kinds, have had their mortality cast by the faculty? "Prognosis" is necessarily based on "diagnosis;" and it often happens that disease does not run its normal course unhindered by nature, even when art has failed. Leaving the curative power of the organism itself out of account, and ignoring, forgetting, or underestimating the marvellous faculty of adaptation to circumstances, and of self-help by the vicarious action of organs existing in the human body, physicians form ill-boding and mournful views which, happily, are not uniformly realised. To be "given over" is not therefore a death-sentence without reprieve, and not a few elastic beings with resilient souls have been known to "live happy" a long while after condemnation. The great point is to decline to be cast down. Mark Tapley exulted in the triumph over adverse circumstances. Sometimes the same kind of feeling will carry a weak body through extremely untoward maladies. The rational explanation of this fact is easy, and ought to be more generally understood. The force which works

the organism—if not identical with the manifestation of brain-power we call *mind*—is so intimately connected with it that the two react one on the other. There is, or ought to be, always a reserve stock of this force available for use under exceptional conditions—as, for example, disease. Those who squander the reserve in dissipation cannot, of course, have their cake and eat it too; so, when illness occurs, they succumb sometimes before a quite insignificant adversary. The wise liver, who has not wasted this vital substance in riotous living, can, by a strong and continuous effort of the will, call this latent stock of energy to his aid when art fails to succour him, and not uncommonly the *vis medicatrix naturæ* cures when, the patient having suffered grievous things of divers physicians, the future seems given over to despair. He who despairs dies; while the wisely-wilful man lives on until the disease is exhausted instead of its victim. Living down disease, shouldering the burden manfully and resolving to carry it through the valley of the shadow of death and up the steep hill beyond, is an enterprise noble in itself and wondrously recuperative. Other difficulties, such as those which arise from poverty, stupidity, idleness, and that combination of errors and imprudences which it is the fashion to call "ill luck," are generally amenable to the same kind of energy. The secret of success is judgment—never hesitate to act or the opportunity may be lost, but, while moving promptly, look ahead, plan the course of conduct to be pursued, set the object clearly before the mind, and press forward with resolute perseverance. It is only by settled purpose and steady action that the worst obstacles can be overcome.

That sense of weariness which oppresses those who bear an uncongenial burden through life is the most

painful and disastrous. It is of little use advising a man to step jauntily over a ploughed field. Nevertheless the light foot is nowhere else so necessary. If the path is encumbered with clods that clog the feet of the traveller, he will spare himself a great deal of superfluous exertion if he speeds lightly over the ground instead of planting a heavy tread in the mire and loading his limbs with needless difficulties. A light heart and a hopeful spirit make the worst burdens of life less burdensome. It is not much use counting the milestones. Some leaden and lugubrious philosophers seem to derive a melancholy sort of amusement, and perhaps a spice of cold comfort, from the exercise, but it is a doleful expedient. The miles always appear to grow longer and the way more rugged as we advance. In truth, it is a mistake to bestow so much thought on the road and its ugly incidents. If there are cheering or inspiriting objects around, a man does well to look at them, but unless these are attractive, it is better to press forward and disregard the troubles and difficulties. The boy who went whistling through the churchyard to keep up his spirits was better employed than he would have been in reading the epitaphs. There is a sorry sort of philosophy, essentially morbid, which would seem to derive peculiar consolation from the disagreeableness of "a waste howling wilderness."

If people find the world a wilderness, if it is a howling waste, common prudence ought to counsel haste and self-absorption in passing through it. It is difficult not to feel a certain amount of distrust of those who perpetually deplore the worthlessness and wickedness of the world. In truth, it is not a bad place at all. Men and women may make it uncomfortable, but they seldom do more than inconvenience themselves. There

are, doubtless, plenty of objectionable scenes and things around us, just as there are many disagreeable persons in every crowd; but no one is obliged to search out these evils. If he does, it is generally because he takes pleasure in them. A great deal of the pretended philanthropy and meddling goodness in the world is a cover for the gratification of prurient tastes not otherwise to be satisfied. It may seem a very shocking thing to say, but it is no less true that the passion for uprooting vice is generally a love of dabbling in the mire, expressing itself respectably. The thrill of righteous horror with which many persons devour the most disgusting details of crime and wickedness acquires its zest from a secret, perhaps unsuspected, proclivity to vicious courses. Men and women are too moral to "themselves do these things," but they "have pleasure in them that do them;" and the enjoyment is none the less real because it takes the shape of a lofty pharisaical "inspection" or "mission," or some plausible effort to ameliorate the condition of the wrong-doer or extinguish a particular social evil. It is well to look facts in the face; and this unpalatable piece of truth-speaking is not only justifiable but expedient. The burden of life which consists in the intolerable wickedness of the world, like that which takes the form of a perpetual "cross" or "trial," ought to be borne in the spirit which once inspired a British sailor to take up a live shell and throw it overboard. No man in his senses would go about looking for inflictions of this class, but, if they come, it is best to grapple with them, and the height of folly and weakness is to go through life sighing and weeping as though the personal sorrow must need make the world as gloomy as it seems.

May the burden of life be cast away? Certainly, if

it can be unbuckled and detached; not else. No man or woman who is not at heart a craven coward will seek to end this life because its burden is heavy. When all seems against one, then is the time to pluck up the spirits and fight. "To give in" when matters are at the worst is to yield the palm of victory to "fate" at the precise moment when a vengeful mind might be excused for resisting the foe to the uttermost. Many a man has been saved from fatal folly by being roused to a pitch of valorous determination at the turning-point in a downward career. The threatening glare of the enemy burning to overthrow him has been met by a resolve to rescue the trophy of conquest. "Give in, just when the power against me is plainly doing its worst? Verily, no! Outlive this, overcome the foe now, and I shall be safe." That is the true spirit of manliness. The faint heart that does not rally thus at the critical moment deserves to die. "It is hard to rally." Of course it is. Nothing that was easy ever produced any great result. It is the hand-to-hand struggle that carries the field. Get rid of every burden of life which can be shaken off consistently with the obligations of honour and duty, but never think of "shuffling off the mortal coil" itself—least of all when that is the very course to which Fate seems to urge its victim, and which it would most gratify its malignant enmity to adopt We speak as if Fate were sometimes arrayed in order of battle against an individual. It seems so; but the foe is generally a creature of fancy, the spectre of a policy of mistake or wrong-doing. The burden of life is oftener than not heavier than it ought to be, and the excess is caused by the heaping up of needless anxieties or vicious troubles. Many excellent persons, like Martha of old, cumber

themselves with much serving, while the wicked heap to themselves wrath, the Nemesis of evil practices. The burden of life is in itself heavy enough, but those who find it heavier than they can bear have commonly themselves to thank for the untoward experience.

THE END.

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